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HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor

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NO. 43

THE TEACHERS INSTITUTE A BIG SUCCESS.

Large Attendance of Handsome and Learned Teachers.

FINE EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS.

Able Instructors Make Good Impressions on Institute—High School Contest Won by Kane from Opponents from Mt. Jewett.

The forty-third annual Teachers Institute for McKean county teachers convened in the Court house on Monday with a large attendance and good instructors.

Monday Afternoon.

Institute called to order promptly at 1:30 p. m., by County Supt. B. S. Bayle.

Prof. O. H. Yetter, of Bloomsburg, Pa., lead in singing "Nearer My God to Thee;" devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke of the Episcopal church, who used the 15th Psalm, followed by prayer.

Prof. Yetter then gave his first instruction in music. He won the hearts of the teachers and in a very few minutes made all feel that the music of the Institute would be a pleasant and helpful feature.

Dr. O. T. Courson, ex-Superintendent of Public Instruction in Ohio, was the next speaker introduced. He is one of the most popular Institute instructors in the United States today. His first instruction was a plain, heart to heart talk with the teachers on "What the Teacher Gets From the Institute." Among other things Dr. Courson said, the Teachers' Institute ought to be an exceedingly important factor in the teacher's life. There is a vast difference between talking about teaching and teaching. It is easy to theorize. The true, the real test is the test of experience. Yet sound theory will always bear the test of experience. The Institutes of olden times were largely devoted to Academic Instruction. Dr. Courson wished that there were some method of examining or testing the growth of the teacher who holds a normal certificate or college diploma. He showed the necessity of examinations, first, to protect children from the incompetency and ignorance of persons who would teach if they could get a certificate. Second, to protect competent teachers from the competition of persons who would teach without the necessary preparation, but the Institute cannot help the teacher much in the way of an examination.

The teacher should get much from the Institute in the way of inspiration. Teachers get out of an Institute largely what they put into it. The best part of the Institute to some teachers may be the recess time or the intermission. The teacher who seeks the companionship, sympathy and fellow-feeling of successful and experienced teachers may be more helpful in this way than by the formal instruction of the Institute. The teacher who is willing to sacrifice and do, not only what he is paid for, but to get out into the community and do good wherever he can will realize that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

Dr. Courson's earnest and thoughtful manner of presenting his subject makes it easy for the teachers to follow him, and he is enthusiastically received.

By 2 o'clock, it was evident that over two hundred of the two hundred and sixty teachers in the county were present. The instructors are all present, and the work of the institute is going on successfully.

After recess Prof. Yetter gave further instruction in music, and Mrs. E. E. Olcott of Dansville, Indiana Normal School was presented to the Institute. By way of introduction she gave a pleasing story with a helpful moral attached. Her subject is "Reading," the basis of all school work.

Mrs. Olcott is thoroughly imbued with the importance of her subject and is greatly in love with her work. Her instruction this week is going to be of great value to the teachers of the county.

At 4 p. m. Institute adjourned, and the remainder of the teachers present were enrolled.

Monday Evening.

On Monday evening a large audience assembled in the Opera House, to hear the lecture on "The Humanity of Lincoln," by S. D. Fess of Antioch College, Ohio.

Supt. Bayle always tries to give more than is promised in an entertainment, and in this case a most enjoyable treat was given the audience in the shape of a solo by Prof. Yetter, entitled, "The Mighty Deep." In response to a hearty encore he sang, "My Own United States." Miss Lena Goshorn of Hazelhurst, presided at the piano.

The lecture by Dr. Fess surpassed all expectation. It was the keenest and most searching analysis of the character of the "Great Emancipator" we have ever heard. The four great characteristics in the analysis brought out were Lincoln's great sense of humor, the sadness or pathos of his life, his faith in humanity, and his abiding faith in God.

Tuesday Morning.

Tuesday morning dawned bright and cheerful, a pleasing contrast to Monday's rain and storm. Almost all the teachers of the county were enrolled this morning.

The Institute opened by singing "Onward Christian Soldiers." The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Harris of the Smethport Methodist church.

An interesting and helpful period was spent in singing, led by Prof. Yetter. Miss Lena Goshorn greatly assisting by her fine work at the piano.

The next forty minutes were occupied by Dr. Courson on "Some Natural Characteristics of a True Teacher." Dr. Courson prefaced his talk by commending the book recommended for the teachers to read this year. The Recitation by Supt. Hamilton of Allegheny county.

The first characteristic of a successful teacher is a deep grounded faith in humanity. The world has no place for the pessimist. The pessimist is an egotist who thinks the sun sets every time he shuts his eyes. The selfish person cannot teach school. The public schools are an absolute necessity to keep alive the moral sentiment of a community.

Dr. Courson showed that he is not a pessimist because he believes that the world is growing better. The public schools are doing a vast amount of good and they are going to do more. The reason that the world looks so bad is because the press makes much of the exceptional. Vice and crime and all the wickedness of the world which fill the papers must then be exceptional.

The second characteristic of a teacher is sensible charity. Dr. Courson used the word sensible advisedly. The foolish sentimentality of some teachers and parents is not only ridiculous but harmful. The teacher must be careful how he trusts and loves children.

The third characteristic of a successful teacher is a sensible love for his work. An unanimous re-election at a nice increase of salary is the best stimulus to love and appreciation of the work of the teacher.

Dr. Fess who so pleased the teachers with his lecture last evening was the next speaker. His subject was "American Political Theory."

"We should not pay much attention to an event of the past unless it had some present day meaning. The value of dates in history is to make the way—history is not a matter of memory; history is a body of truth to be understood. He illustrated the difference between a fact and a truth. A fact in history should have a present day meaning. The American theory in politics is the struggle between the advocates of liberty of the individual and that of authority in the government.

After a short recess the Institute reassembled in sections. The High School teachers were addressed by Dr. Courson who discussed some high school problems.

Tuesday Afternoon.

The first period of this session was occupied by Dr. Fess who gave one of the most remarkable addresses of the Institute. His theme was "Individual Liberty," his subject "Thomas Jefferson the Representative of Liberty." He gave a beautiful word picture of Monticello, Jefferson's old home. It is to the shame of the United States that this grand old mansion is now in the hands of a speculator, instead of being owned by the people of the United States and used as a National Museum as was the wish of Jefferson and so expressed in his will.

The purchase of Louisiana by the United States brought about by the influence of Jefferson is recognized as the greatest achievement of his most active life. The talk was filled with most interesting incidents of Jefferson's private and public life. Many of these will be treasured up by the teachers, and

(Continued on Page 8.)

GIBBS STILL MISSING.

Morrisons Man Who Disappeared Four Weeks Ago Has Not Yet Been Located.

Eben Gibbs, the young man who disappeared from his home at Morrisons four weeks ago, mention of which has previously been made in this paper, is still missing and he cannot be located in spite of the efforts being made to further that end.

It will be remembered that Gibbs who was employed as a pumper on the lease of Martin O'Connor at Morrisons, left his home at 2 o'clock in the afternoon on the day of his disappearance to go to a rural delivery mail box, located a short distance from the house. He took a shotgun with him and on the road shot and killed a rabbit, but he did not come to the house. After waiting until almost dark, Mrs. Gibbs became alarmed and taking her baby went into the woods in search of her husband. She could find no trace of him and walked in the darkness to the home of a neighbor, Eben Wallace, who with his brother-in-law started out with lanterns to search for the missing man.

The next day other men started a search for Gibbs and found the rabbit which he killed hanging on the limb of a tree. Farther away, along the railroad track, his gun was found. It was reported that he had several times quarreled with foreigners who were cutting wood in that vicinity and there was a suspicion that he may have been murdered and the body concealed. Mrs. Gibbs says that her husband had $35 in his pockets when he left home and she believes that he was robbed and murdered. Gibbs was 22 years old and had been married a year and ten months.

Mrs. Gibbs, who is now in Bradford, knows no reason why her husband should have voluntarily disappeared and believes he has met with foul play.

County Detective Jones of this borough investigated the case at the start but without avail and was of the opinion that Gibbs was still among the living. But the search is being continued.

ELDRED BANK.

Creditors Hold Meeting at Bradford Last Thursday.

The creditors of the defunct Eldred bank held a meeting at the office of T. B. Wilson at Bradford last Thursday, a large number of interested parties being present. Considerable business was transacted at the meeting which was a most interesting one.

Attorneys John E. Mullin of Kane and W. E. Burdick, John P. Melvin and F. P. Schoonmaker of Bradford appeared for the petition of creditors; Attorneys T. L. Newton of Salamanca was present in the interests of William B. Archibald, one of the bankrupts; Attorney C. F. Haughney of Eldred represented William E. Chrisman and William A. Young, two of the bankrupts, and a lawyer from Meadville represented J. D. Downing, the president of the defunct bank; Attorneys T. F. Mullin of Bradford and E. R. Mayo of Smethport represented the creditors.

E. I. Marsh of Eldred supported by the depositors' association, was made trustee and his bond was fixed at $35,000. The First National Bank of Eldred was designated as the depository for the funds of the trustee and the bond of the depository was fixed at $25,000.

Mr. Marsh accepted the trust and filed his bond and was at once given charge of the office.

The bankrupts filed their schedules showing assets of $87,396.68 and liabilities of $169,401.84. The assets of the partnership are shown and do not give any assets of the individual partners which are liable for the partners' debts after the partnership assets are exhausted. The schedules are based on the appraisement of the assets made by appraisers appointed by the courts of McKean county.

There are now funds in the hands of M. Lafayette Apple, assignee, amounting to about $17,000, which amount will be distributed to the creditors as soon as possible.

Parties having claims against the estate should prove the same at once.

The bankrupts were ordered to appear before the referee in bankruptcy Monday, Nov. 22, at 9 a. m., to be examined by their creditors.

Scrap Iron.

Write Kittredge Company, Tunkhannock, Penna. They buy old stoves, mowing machines, furnaces, saw mills, etc., in any quantity, and pay big prices. Buyers wanted.

Subscribe for The Miner.

ANOTHER BIG WELL STRUCK ON COUNTY FARM.

No. 7 Well of Surprise Oil Company Shot Last Thursday.

IT IS DOING 75 BARRELS PER DAY.

Was Shot Last Thursday Afternoon and is the Best Well Drilled in This Field—Will Settle Down to 30 or 40 Barrels Per Day.

That the Surprise Oil Company was properly named was again demonstrated last Thursday afternoon when its No. 7 well on the County Farm was shot and immediately started off with a production of over one hundred barrels of oil per day.

This well was shot by the Eldred Powder Company at about 2 o'clock and was one of the prettiest sights of this kind seen in this section for years. Immediately after the shot was touched off the well began to flow profusely. A large crowd was present to see the shooting.

At the present time the well is flowing at the rate of 75 barrels per day and it shows signs of holding up this rate for some time to come. Judging from the way other wells are holding up it is estimated that this one will not go below 30 or 40 barrels per day for at least a year.

The Surprise Oil Company expect to start drilling today on their No. 6 well and if that turns out to be a good one the National Transit Co. will put a pipe line into this field.

ROEDER—DIBBLE.

A Popular Young Man, Formerly of This Vicinity, Takes Bride in Buckeye State.

The Ravenna, Ohio Republican of last Thursday contained the following account of the marriage of Rodney R. Roeder, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Keating township, to a charming Ohio girl at Randolph, Ohio, last week:

"The marriage of Miss Irene May Dibble and Rodney Royal Roeder was solemnized at high noon Wednesday, November third, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Giles E. Dibble, of Randolph, in the presence of relatives and invited guests. Rev. S. C. Collier, pastor of the Atwater Methodist Episcopal church, was the officiant, using the ring ceremony. At the appointed hour [illegible] pianist, rendered the beautiful reveries, "Thine Own," by Lange, and "Simple Aveu" by Francis Thome, during which the officiating clergyman entered the room. At the conclusion of this beautiful prelude the bride and groom followed the officiant as the strains of the Mendelssohn march were borne through the rooms. After the plighting of vows came congratulations and good wishes as the sweet melody of Merille Loeb Evan's "Longing" fell in gentle waftings over the happy scene.

The bride wore a Princess gown of new blue batiste over white trimmed with soft silk and braid. She was attended by Miss Nina Sarah Unger, bridesmaid, who wore batiste over white with satin trimmings. Elmer Philip Roeder of Austin, Pa., a brother of the groom, was best man. A four course dinner was served by Mrs. A. R. Carlisle, caterer.

After a short wedding trip Mr. and Mrs. Roeder will be at home in Atwater, where he is engaged in the mercantile business. She is the younger daughter and a young woman of fine presence and superior worth with amiable qualities that have endeared her to a large circle of friends. She is a graduate of Randolph High School and the good wishes of all Randolph follow her to her new home. Both are estimable young people who will be welcomed in Atwater.

Guests from abroad were: Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Dibble and son of Kensington, he a brother of the bride; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sheehan and family of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Smethport, Pa., parents of the groom; E. P. Roeder of Austin Pa., brother of the groom.

Mr. Roeder is a fine young man and has hosts of friends who will unite with the Miner in tendering congratulations to this happy young couple on this auspicious occasion.

For Sale.

Combination billiard and pool table, size 3½ x 7. Good as new, with complete outfit for the home. Cost $50.00 will sell for $30.00

S. H. CLEVELAND.

GREAT PAPER MILL.

Will be Built at Bugalusa, La., at Once—Smethport Capital Interested.

The Bugalusa, La., American has the following to say of a new undertaking which is of local interest owing to the fact that a large portion of the capital interested is from Smethport.

"Through Mr. W. H. Sullivan we had the pleasure today of meeting Mr. Arthur W. Handford, M. E., engineer and superintendent of construction of the Southern Wood Distillates and Fibre Company of Chicago, Ill., who, upon being asked for some information as to the coming of the great paper mill, informed us that one hundred and twenty-five car loads of machinery was now in transit and would reach Bugalusa in a short while, and that the work of construction would begin between the 20th of November and December 1st of this year.

"The capacity of this great mill will be fifty tons every twenty-four hours, and will be increased to 100 tons as soon as practicable, turning out fibre board and wrapping paper to the widest trimmed sheets of 106 inches.

"The building will occupy 1,000,000 feet and the grounds will be twenty-five acres; the horse power 1000 pounds, and the plant will furnish its own electric power.

"The plant will employ eighty skilled workingmen, besides many laborers who will bring their families here and reside among us permanently.

"The factory now has orders for all the paper it can manufacture for three or four years, and will consume everything the Great Southern Lumber Company's mill throw away, besides all tops of trees gathered in the woods. There will also be a large box factory run in connection with the paper mill that will give employment to many who are now seeking homes here."

ERIE ENGINE BLEW UP.

Two Hornell Men Were Killed and Two Injured.

By the explosion of the boiler of an Erie railroad engine one mile west of Belmont, N. Y., soon after midnight, Sunday, Engineer Chauncey Green and Fireman Christopher Ryder, both of Hornell, were instantly killed and Brakeman F. C. Tracy so badly scalded that he may die. Engineer William Lamphear and Fireman C. A. Lockwood received serious injuries.

The train was No. 78, a westbound fast freight, being hauled by two engines. When near Belmont there came a blinding flash and a deep roar, and the leading engine was hurled from the track and down the steep embankment.

The force of the explosion hurled Engineer Green through the side of his cab and drove his body up to the shoulders into the dirt at the side of the track. Fireman Ryder was caught under the engine and terribly mangled. Death in both cases was instantaneous.

The explosion hurled the second engine from the tracks and down the embankment and 14 cars were piled up in the ditch. Engineer Lamphear and Fireman Lockwood of the second engine jumped in time to save their lives, but are badly cut and bruised about the face and body. When the explosion came Brakeman Tracy, who was in the first engine, leaped blindly through the steam and while he escaped with his life he is scalded and burned in a terrible manner, and will probably die.

The injured men were taken to the Hornell hospital.

Owing to the wreck it was necessary for No. 3, the fast train on the Erie between New York and Chicago to run over the Shawmut railroad from Hornell to Friendship. L. Hopper, formerly of Smethport but now of Hornell, the well known Shawmut engineer presided at the throttle during the run over the Shawmut line.

NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the McKean County Fair Association will be held in the parlors of the Smethport Fire Department on Thursday, November 18, 1909, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year and transacting such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

R. W. HILTON,
President.

Dated, Smethport, Penn'a, October 19, 1909.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand, call on or address.

E. W. JONES, Liveryman,
Opp. Court House, Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

TROLLEY LINE BETWEEN HERE AND BRADFORD.

That is the Prospect at the Present Time.

IT IS UP TO BRADFORD COUNCILS.

The Western New York & Pennsylvania Traction Company Is Willing to Build If It Can Get the Franchise From Bradford City.

Tuesday's Bradford Era in part says:

At a meeting of the Bradford Business Men's Association held last evening action was taken with reference to the street railway franchise question. Committees had been appointed to draw up a suitable ordinance covering the matter at issue and a draft of the proposed measure was submitted, together with a report. The report reads as follows:

Bradford, Pa., Nov. 8, 1909.

To the Officers and Members the Bradford Business Men's Association:

Your legislative committee having taken up carefully the question of a franchise for the street railway in Bradford, both through a sub-committee and later with the entire committee acting upon a report from this sub-committee, we desire to submit to you an ordinance providing for a franchise for the street railway company, with the recommendation that you endorse same and lend every assistance possible to secure its passage through the Councils, also that you appoint a special committee of three to look after that part of the work in behalf of our association. We are able to report that Mayor Hoffman approves of this ordinance which we have drawn and will agree to sign it if it passes the Councils.

Road to Smethport.

Supplementary to this franchise which we have succeeded in getting the officials of the trolley company to agree to accept, they have also agreed to make a contract with the city, stipulating definitely that when the road is built to Smethport it shall connect Bradford with Smethport on the same triangular arrangement and service that they now connect Olean and Salamanca.

Under this ordinance we propose it would also be impossible for the streets to go unrepaired for longer than thirty days when repairs of paving the streets are needed.

Any other line that may come into the city in the future will also have the privilege of crossing the present trolley line's tracks at any desired place. They agree to provide us with as good service as is given anywhere else and the question is now being taken up whereby we believe they will agree to assist materially in sharing the expense of sprinkling thoroughly the streets on which their car tracks are located. They also agree to level the snow in a satisfactory manner, which they have thrown to the sides of their car tracks, so that it will make level streets easily passable.

Franchise Endorsed.

There is a strong sentiment in Bradford on the part of business men and citizens of our city to grant a reasonable and proper franchise to the trolley company, which is certainly a great material assistance to our municipality. We also believe after carefully considering the matter from every phase, that such a franchise will be far better for our city than to continue under the three different franchises which we now have, the longest of which is for such a short time that it handicaps the proper development and extension of the present system, which is certainly giving good service and adding as much to the business and resources of our city as any industry therein.

Nearly Unanimous.

The report on the ordinance was adopted. There were 50 members in attendance and of these 46 voted in favor of the report and four were opposed to the action.

Hand Painted China.

Great reduction in present stock of the celebrated G. G. Rhodes hand painted china, lasting ten days. Investigate these bargains and save money on your Xmas purchases.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

Boys Wanted

at the Berney-Bond bottle factory.

In Borrowed Plumage

The College Cloakroom Maid and the University Porter

By JANE OSBORN.

Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

When Thornby college opened last autumn there was a new maid in the cloakroom. Something about her dark, close fitting dress, her small, ruffled apron and her parted hair, tied with a big black bow at the back of her neck, suggested a French maid much more than a student. But the fact was that Molly Dodge really was a poor southern girl working her way through the woman's department of this big university.

During the three or four hours that Molly was not attending lectures she had to stay in the stone floored, locker lined cloakroom and be ready at any time to get students' hats and coats or put them away in their owners' lockers.

At first it had seemed not at all bad, for Molly had a soft, lovable, southern way of talking and honest brown eyes that made all the girls like her. But as the months passed they became accustomed to seeing her every day, and they passed her thoughtlessly by. It would not have been so hard if Molly had been intellectual, but she was not at all fond of books. In fact, if she had had a chance she would probably have been a little frivolous.

But there were two things that made Molly's life bearable. One was the daily visit of the university porter; and the other was the appearance now and then of new and pretty hats and wraps. Molly had a little mirror over her desk in the cloakroom, and whenever any specially charming hat appeared on the clothing counter she would wait till the girls had left the room and then with it on her own pretty head steal an admiring glance at herself over her desk.

And the porter! Well, he used to come over from the university every day with the students' mail, which it was Molly's duty to sort and distribute. Of course a woman student of Thornby college ought not to have flirted with so humble a personage as the university porter, but Molly was only half a student. The half that was cloakroom maid looked forward with [illegible] of the daily visitation of the [illegible] and coffee [illegible]

[illegible]

"What a dream!" thought Molly. "And on a day like this. But what does it matter when one has a [illegible]?"

Molly raised the soft pieces gently from the counter and started to put them in their locker. But the temptation was too great. She came back and replaced them lovingly on the counter. Then very carefully she pinned the toque over her piquant little face and glanced approvingly at her image in the mirror over her desk. If only she could see the rest, she wished. In a flash she jumped over the counter, closed the door into the hall and slipped into the luxurious coat. Then she stepped up to the students' long pier glass.

"If only it were a little longer," she thought. And then, turning around at the sound of the opening door, she faced the porter. He closed the door quickly and stood against it. Then he turned to Molly and laughed. But Molly didn't laugh back. She slipped out of the furs, sprang over the counter and, with a guilty blush, took the morning mail.

The next day when the porter came Molly was deep in a volume of Horace.

"Nice book you're reading, Molly," remarked the porter, and Molly, the student, smiled coldly without raising her eyes.

After that the porter left off the "Molly" from his morning's salutation, and Molly had no difficulty in repressing him. In fact, she was a little disappointed that he took his squelching so willingly.

About a month after the episode of the furs there was a dance in the college gymnasium, and Molly, as was her custom on such occasions, took her place as maid in the dressing room. Here she buttoned gloves and slippers and arranged ruffles and bows for her more favored colleagues till her fingers were numb. Then during the long hours of the dance she was supposed to sit and guard the wraps and lend her aid in case of a dilapidated coiffure or torn ruffle. But tonight strains of the dance music took possession of Molly's soul and started her dainty feet tapping on the stone floor. Her curiosity and her loneliness had the upper hand, and she slipped out of the dressing room, ran along the corridor and up the wide stone stairs toward the gallery overlooking the gymnasium.

As she was hurrying timidly along she had to pass one of the lecture rooms, which had been converted for the occasion into a men's checking room. Three young men were standing idly smoking. There was something about the cut of an evening coat that fascinated Molly, and she turned in the shadow to look.

Suddenly her heart stood still. It really was the porter, the tallest one, with the light hair. He was laughing now. She was just turning to run when he faced about. And just for a second his eyes met hers through the darkness of the dimly lighted corridor.

She had been discovered deserting, and by the porter! As she couldn't go back to the dressing room now without being seen again, she fled to the gallery and slipped into a seat.

So the porter was probably a student from the university! The porter whom she had tried to repress was a friend of some girl at the dance. Her head swam with the excitement of the information.

Just then the violins struck up a dreamy waltz. She leaned forward as far as she dared to see the dancers. Oh, if only she had that blue satin gown! She seized it enviously in her imagination. And then as the dancing began her thoughts floated out on the music, and she danced with them.

Just then she heard steps behind her, and, looking back into the shadow, she saw dimly outlined the face of the porter.

"Hello, Molly," he said cheerfully.

"Sh!" She put her hand to her lips. "Some one might hear."

"Well, let's sit somewhere else. I hate to whisper."

"All right." Molly rose timidly.

They passed by a short cut out in the starlit campus.

"This is a great deal better," he said as he helped her on to a secluded ledge of the great stone building. "You looked lonely up there watching the dancers."

"I wasn't lonely. I like to see them."

"Oh, they aren't bad," he said dryly. "But when a fellow's working his way through his last year he hasn't much time to waste. I say," he said, looking at her curiously, "what were you thinking about up there?"

"Oh, I wasn't thinking at all! I was just making believe—waltzing off in that soft blue satin dress. The music gets hold of me like that and drives away the cloakroom and the wet umbrellas and rubbers and cross seniors"—

"And obtrusive college porters who catch you dressing up in other people's furs?" he laughed.

"Oh, no!" she said, without smiling. "I never can make the porter fade away with the wet umbrellas and rubbers. He seems to stay and watch me float around in other people's things, satin dresses, dancing with other people's partners." He just stayed and laughs. [illegible] there won't be any porter in the cloak[illegible]

[illegible]

And that [illegible] was in his favor was proved by the absence of Molly in the cloakroom when college opened in the fall.

Song of the Ancient Spinning Reel.

The first reel that was invented was the hand reel, the yarn being wound into skeins by turning the wheel and fastening the skeins after counting a sufficient number of strands. The flax was first woven into thread or yarn on the spinning wheel; then the bobbins full of yarn were placed on the hand reel and yarn wound off them on to the wheels into skeins. The strands were carefully counted and the lieben fastened on them to keep them together. The lieben was a thread running across the skeins to keep them in place.

A later invention was the clock reel with a face on which numbers were printed, and it had two hands like a clock. When the wheel was turned, reeling off the strands from the bobbin, the clock would tick when a certain number of strands were wound on the reel, and the housewife, instead of tediously counting the threads, as on the earlier invented reel, would fasten on the lieben.

In a quaint old ballad entitled "Mistress Polly at the Reel" occurs this refrain:

He kissed Mistress Polly as the clock reel
ticked.

the kissing being done at the propitious moment when Mistress Polly was busy fastening on the lieben.

A Lecturer's Amusing Experience.

I was giving a lecture with the aid of a lantern, said Mr. Harry Furniss, and I was showing some portraits of Mr. Gladstone in my entertainment, "The Humors of Parliament." I was telling my audience as I pointed to the pictures on the screen that one moment he looks like this and at another he looks like that, when there was a great burst of laughter.

I proceeded to speak about Gladstone's flashing eye and noble brow, and by the time I mentioned something about his aquiline nose my audience seemed to be in hysterics.

Thinking that by some mischance the wrong picture was being thrown on the screen, I turned round and was at first horrified to see a gigantic fly apparently walking about on the nose of the Grand Old Man.

It appeared that the fly had got into the lantern, had been caught between the lenses and was being magnified a hundredfold on to the screen.—London Tit-Bits.

F. A. GREEN

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F. A. GREEN

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Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Fedders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

May Chadwick, Artist,

Has opened a studio in the Young [illegible] and is prepared to do all kinds of [illegible] Portrait [illegible] [illegible] Give me a call.

May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

AN EARTHLY INFERNO.

Vulcanizing Factory Where Men Stand 212 Degrees.

The hottest place in New York is in [illegible] street, in a vulcanizing factory, where telephone wires are insulated by being coated with a preparation of rubber. In the room where this process takes place the temperature rises to 212 degrees, 100 degrees hotter than the hottest it may be outside in the sun. Man can endure no more. Actually there are some who can stand this, however—only a few, mind you, but still some. They are only the strongest and hardiest of workmen, and they can be in the room but a few brief minutes at a time. Several times daily it is their duty to enter the room to see that all goes well.

To keep from losing their skin and to protect themselves from the terrible heat these men wear heavy woolen shirts buttoned high above their necks and woolen masks and gloves. Four or five minutes at the most in the vulcanizing room is all they can stand without collapsing, and some can't even stay that long. Outside these men nobody is ever allowed to endure such a frightful heat. In fact, it is hard to convey the idea of 212 degrees. You can get the same degree of temperature by thrusting your finger into boiling water. Water boils at 212 degrees F.—New York World.

The Judge's Slip.

A judge once made the following charge to a jury: "You have heard the evidence. The indictment charges the prisoner with stealing a jackass. This offense seems to be becoming a common one, and the time has come when it must be stopped or none of us will be safe!"

The Test.

Nell—But how is a girl to know when she is in love? Belle—I suppose when she thinks as much about a man as she does about her dressmaker she may know it.—Philadelphia Record.

Entrancing View.

"What do you think of the view from the hotel veranda?"

"Magnificent! I can see four heiresses right from where I sit."—Pittsburg Post.

He Dared.

Mother—How dared you let him kiss you? Daughter—I didn't, mamma. I told him that if he kissed me he'd have to do it without my consent.—Exchange.

Mail Orders
Carefully Filled.
Railroad Fares
Refunded.

H. A. MELDRUM COMPANY

460-470 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

LINENS FROM ACROSS THE SEA

Beautiful Linens from Irish and Scotch Bleacheries—about Half Price! Old Country Linens are woven in one place, and bleached in another. During the latter process some pieces become accidentally damaged—torn, stained and spotted a little at intervals. **We bought 400 such pieces at the Irish and Scotch Bleacheries**—paying **only about half price for them.** Every yard was examined with great care, and all damaged parts cut out—**cut clean across—leaving the rest of the pieces** absolutely perfect, and from one to ten yards long. **So you pay not far from half price for high-class Foreign Linens**—perhaps your first experience of this kind. Grasp it quickly—get your Thanksgiving Linens here and what Towels are needed, also—some big reductions on good Towels follow the Linen items.

Regular $2.00 Table Damask, 72 inches wide—yard	**$1.10**	$3.50 Irish Linen Round Pattern Cloths—sale price	**$2.50**	17c All-linen Crash, yard	**12½c**
Regular $1.75 Table Damask, 72 inches wide—yard	**$1.00**	$3.00 Linen Napkins—22 inches square—dozen	**$2.00**	25c Bleached Turkish and Scalloped Huck Towels	**19c**
Standard $1.25 Table Damask—width 70 inches—yard	**89c**	$2.25 Linen Napkins—20 inches square—dozen	**$1.75**	35c German Linen Huck Towels	**25c**
[illegible] $1.25 Table Damask—width 70 inches—yard	**75c**	$2.00 Silver-bleached Hemmed Napkins—dozen	**$1.50**	37c Scalloped Linen Towels	**29c**
[illegible] Table Damask [illegible]	**50c**	9c Brown Linen Crash [illegible]	**7c**	75c Bath Mats	**50c**
[illegible]	**$1.25**	12½c All-linen Bleached Crashes—yard	**9c**	12½c Individual Towels	**8c**
				[illegible] Diaper Cloth	**50c**

Imported | Greatest Values Since They Began Making It. | Hosiery

[illegible] higher value for the same money. [illegible] And [illegible] with the best hosiery we ever saw come across the sea—[illegible] the home mills [illegible] the way of price, too.

Men's 12½c Cotton Hose—black and colors—sale price **6c**

Men's 19c Hose—black wool—sale price	**11c**	**Women's 25c Stockings** — full-fashioned black-cashmere—fleece-lined—sale price	**17c**	**Women's 39c Black Wool Stockings**—with elastic ribbed top—sale price	**29c**
Men's 25c Hose—black cashmere—sale price	**15c**	**Women's 50c and 75c Stockings**—silk lisle—gauze lisle with embroidered instep—sale price	**25c**	**Infants' 19c White Cashmere Stockings**—3 pairs for 25c—per pair	**9c**
Men's 50c Hose—silk lisle and silk embroidered—sale price	**25c**	**Women's 50c Black Cashmere Stockings**—Winter weight Cotton and Sample Embroidered Lisles also—sale price	**39c**	**Children's 25c Black Wool Stockings**—warm and heavy—sale price	**15c**
Women's 12½c Stockings—black cotton—sale price	**7c**			**Children's 12½c Stockings**—black fleece-lined—all sizes—sale price	**9c**
Women's 15c Stockings — black fleece lined—sale price	**11c**				

G. H. DENNING

MEATS
FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

HIGHEST CASH PRICE
—paid for—
BUTTER,
EGGS
AND
POULTRY.

William M. Hagan,
HAZELHURST, - PENNA.

If you have any of the above to sell, and I don't call, drop me a card

Executor's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters Testamentary have been granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Charles D. Seaman, late of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to Walter Newton of Corydon Township, McKean County, Pa., to whom all persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demands upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay to

WALTER NEWTON,
Executor.

Kinzua, Warren Co., Pa., Oct. 27, 1909.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1. per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

Fine
TOBACCO
FRUIT

NUTS and CONFECTIONERY.

Do You Feel This Way?

Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession *or trade* any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? *If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery.* You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. *It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce,* of Buffalo, N. Y., whose *advice is given free* to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Dr. Pierce's medicines are OF KNOWN COMPOSITION. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habit-forming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

Watch or Clock

at this reliable estalishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

$1 00 per year in advance.

THE BIG STORE.

WE WISH TO

ANNOUNCE

To the people of this place and surrounding country that we have recently purchased the entire stock of J. C. HAMLIN and we are desirous of your liberal patronage

We carry a full line of all kinds of

HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE

and at this time of year are giving our attention especially to

Stoves and Ranges

Also all kinds of SPORTSMAN'S GOODS—Such as

Guns, Ammunition, etc.

Come in and get acquainted with us.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday Nov. 11, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Congressman Barclay of this district, joined President Taft's party at St. Louis and accompanied the President and his guests on his recent trip down the Mississippi river.

—Do not forget the Wesleyan Methodist services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. All are cordially invited. Ask your friends to come.

—"As Told in the Hills," one of the best melodramas of the season, has been booked for an engagement at the Lyceum, Monday, Nov. 15. The play is a new melodrama of Western life in which Princess Wah-ta-Waso is staring.

—"Austin, Olean, Buffalo, New York Go Democratic," declaims a scare head across the first page of last week's Austin Autograph. All right, but where is this town Austin—its companions in the Democratic column would probably like to be informed.

—It is understood that the Empire Glass Co. of this borough expects to at once light the fires of one of the tanks of the former Palmer window glass factory at Shinglehouse, which they recently purchased. It is also understood that operations will be started within the next month. The starting of this plant means a good deal for Shinglehouse.

—A large Erie engine drawing a north-bound freight train crashed into an East Main street trolley car at the Main street crossing, Bradford, Sunday night. The car was derailed and slightly damaged and one of the standards of the gates at the crossing was broken. There were two male passengers on the car at the time who were quite badly shaken up. The motorman and conductor escaped injury.

—The Coudersport Window glass factory has been shut down.

—The date of the next Lemon Club dance has been set for Thanksgiving night, Thursday, Nov. 25.

—Alfred Sturdvient has installed a Bell telephone in his fruit and confectionery store for the benefit of his patrons.

—Born, to Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Hallmertz, on Saturday, Nov. 6, a baby girl. Rev. Halmertz is pastor of the Swedish Mission church this borough, and the Miner unites with many friends in tendering congratulations on this happy occasion.

—John Booshong, the inmate at the County Home who has made more or less trouble at that institution on various occasions, sort of mixed things up Sunday night by breaking several windows while in one of his demented spells. On Monday County Commissioner John A. Peterson took him to New York and on Tuesday he was placed on board the Kronprinzessen Cecilia and sent to Germany where his mother resides.

—Barely, if ever, does one expect anything of an Indian squaw, but to see her with pappose in shawl on her back. It is, however, quite different with Princess Wah-ta-Waso, who will be seen here as "Pamena" in W. F. Mann's beautiful Western drama "As Told in the Hills" which plays at the Lyceum on Monday, Nov. 15. The play is in its fourth year, but is still new and original being full of good situations and tells a beautiful story that is full of heart interest.

—As a result of the resignation of Ward Means as conductor on the Smethport section of the Kushequa route, Conductor William Halpenny, who for years has presided over the trains on this section of the system, has been transferred to Smethport from Kushequa, and will move his family to the county capitol during the coming week, Smethport thereby gaining a family of excellent citizens. George Songer, who is a long time employe of the Kushequa Route has been advanced to the position formerly held by Mr. Halpenny.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—Paul Denning has been suffering from an attack of blood poisoning during the past week. He recently cut the middle finger of his left hand quite badly while at work at the Camp Glass Co.'s plant and blood poisoning subsequently set in. Dr. Chadwick has been attnding the member which is about well.

—E. H. Morgan, postmaster of New York city, and president of the Association of Postmasters of the First Class of the United States, has notified Hon. H. H. North, postmaster of member of the executive committee Bradford, that he has appointed him a of that association. As this organization embraces the entire country and there are only eleven members on the executive committee, the appointment does honor to Mr. North and to Bradford.—Bradford Star.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald has the following to say regarding a former well known Smethport family: A large party of lady friends of Mrs. David McCarty assembled at the McCarty home last Thursday evening, and spent several hours in expressing their regrets over her proposed departure. A fine luncheon was a feature of the occasion. Mrs. McCarty has shipped the family household effects to DuBois, where she expects to join her husband within a few days and re-establish the family home for the future.

A Wedding Hint.

The tall girl smiled in some embarrassment.

"Haven't you any secondhand shoes?" she said to the shoe clerk.

"But, miss—" he remonstrated.

"No, no; you misunderstand," said she. "I don't mean to wear. I just mean old shoes, too worn for use, that customers have left with you. You see, there's a wedding up at our house tomorrow, and we want something to throw at the bride and bridegroom."

"I see," said the clerk.

He rummaged in a black hole and drew forth an armful of dilapidated footwear. The girl selected some threes, two and ones.

"These will do. Thanks ever so much," she said, and so departed.

"Big footed people are always working that on us," said the clerk afterward. "That girl wears eights. She couldn't very well throw such mudscows at the bride, so she chose some little and dainty shoes here—ones and twos. Oh, yes, it's an old trick with the big footed."—Los Angeles Times.

Study Under Difficulties.

It was my love for my children that gave me the energy, the will power, to reach great heights in my profession. I practiced, I studied my great roles and arias seated at the piano, the baby at my breast, the others playing around me—playing softly. I memorized my parts while standing at the tall stove cooking our simple meal or while busy at the washtub, with my little ones always around me. Singing, nursing, studying, I was supremely happy because they were with me. I brought up my children, and they were my comfort and my support. They made a brave, courageous "fellow" of me. And it was no difficult task. If I had to hurry to the theater for rehearsals I would give the children their supper at 5 o'clock and put them to bed. When I returned at 10 or 11 o'clock I would be greeted by merry birds' twitter from the different little nests, and I would divide my sandwiches with them. Then we would sleep as only the happy and healthy may.—Mme. Schumann-Heink in Delineator.

Collier and a Collier.

A single misprinted letter may produce astonishing results, and even the misreading of a capital letter as a small one may be *disastrous.* When John Payne Collier died the London *Press* correctly gave a paragraph stating that he had been buried in Bray churchyard, near Maidenhead, a large number of friends being present at the funeral. But a provincial paper which presumably knew nothing of the notorious Shakespearean critic gave the same paragraph concerning "John Payne, a collier," and to *complete* the thing headed it "The Bray Colliery Disaster."—London Chronicle.

Practical Superstition.

"Are you superstitious?"

"In a practical way."

"How is that?"

"Well, I never walk under a ladder unless I feel sure it won't fall on me, and I always expect bad luck when pursued by a mad bull across a lot in which there are just thirteen acres."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Survival of Fittest.

Miss Helen Mathers thinks that the decline of the novel is due to a large extent to motorcars. There is no doubt that a large class of readers have been almost entirely eliminated by these vehicles. We refer to those persons who used to read as they walked along the roadway.—London Punch.

Envy.

Madge (proudly)—Did you see that handsome man I just danced with? Kate—Yes; he has a jealous wife, who will allow him to dance only with the plainest girl in the room.—Boston Transcript.

Many a young man starts in to work fired with a noble ambition. Then the ambition evaporates, and he gets fired.—Chicago News.

The King of Rome.

To teach his son obedience to nursery rules Napoleon gave strict orders that he never be admitted to his apartments if he came thither alone. One morning the little king of Rome came trotting along the corridor and, looking up at the tall officer on guard, imperiously ordered: "Open the door for me. I want to see papa."

The officer, true to his instructions, answered gently, but firmly, "Sire, I cannot open the door to your majesty."

"Why not?" demanded the little autocrat. "I am the little king."

At the gentle reminder, "But your majesty is all alone," the golden haired cherub seemed somewhat nonplused, but, his governess appearing a moment later, he seized her hand and, thus protected, stamped his tiny foot and cried: "Open the door! The king wishes it!"

This time, all being in order, the tall officer flung the door wide open, solemnly announcing, "The king of Rome."

Severe.

"I wish I had a *fortune.* I'd never paint another picture!" declared an artist to a brother of the brush.

"Well, there are lots of people who would give you one on that condition!"

The Similarity.

Why are some policemen like rainbows? Because they appear *after the storm is over.*

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Condensed Statement of Condition of

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.,

SMETHPORT, PA.,

at close of Business Feb. 1, 1909

RESOURCES.

Banking House	$ 19,894.71
Bonds	187,418.90
Loans	570,589.87
Cash	29,081.21
Due from Banks	85,514.47
	$888,844.16

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock	$200,000.00
Surplus	100,000.00
Undivided Profits	31,701.38
Deposits	557,142.78
	$888,844.16

This Bank Solicits accounts of firms and individuals. Pays interest on time deposits. Offers all the inducements practical with conservative banking.

$1,000 REWARD.

No decalcomania or print work of any kind is done in the Pickard studios and to anybody who can find a piece of Pickard China bearing my trade mark that is not strictly hand painted, I offer a reward of $1,000.

W. A. Pickard.

A. B. ARMSTRONG DRUG STORE.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills

FOR BACKACHE

Found Guilty

We have been found guilty by the citizens of Smethport of keeping

Fine Groceries

The evidence of thousands of customers was too strong. We're guilty and we're proud of it. If you are a customer of ours you know how good our Groceries are. If you are not, send us an order. We will fill it to your entire satisfaction.

Swift's Pride Soap a Specialty

Oscar Engstrom.

Dealer in

Groceries and Provisions.

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. Smethport

FRESH FRUITS NUTS AND CANDIES

Canned Goods of the best quality

J. Colegrove, Grocer,

Smethport. Pa.

WE

Are now fully located in our new store on Main street and would be delighted to have

YOU

Call and inspect our fine and complete line of

WINTER FOOTWEAR

FOR

MEN, WOMEN and CHILDREN.

We can satisfy both your fancy and purse in BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS, etc.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

EARLY RISERS

The famous little pills.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Say Now, "I Will Try These Foods Shot from Guns"

Order one package, either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice. Then you will know the whole story.

Hear what your folks say when they taste the gigantic grains. See if they ask for more.

Do this tomorrow—order the package now. Do it to learn just how much you are missing.

Hosts of housewives have already done this, and been glad that we told them to do it.

And their folks have been glad.

For no other cereal foods can compare with them. None are even half so good.

The result is this: Those folks last month served seventeen million dishes of these delightful foods.

Can you doubt that you are going to like them as well as the rest of the world?

One package will tell.

Puffed Wheat—10c Puffed Rice—15c

These are the foods invented by Prof. Anderson, and this is his curious process;

The whole wheat or rice kernels are put into sealed guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes in a heat of 550 degrees.

That fierce heat turns the moisture in the grain to steam, and the pressure becomes tremendous.

Then the guns are unsealed, and the steam explodes. Instantly every starch granule is blasted into a myriad particles.

The kernels of grain are expanded eight times. Yet the coats are unbroken, the shapes are unaltered. We have simply the magnified grain.

One package will tell you why people delight in them. Order it now.

Made only by The Quaker Oats Company

(9)

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
Terms:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES
Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Obits, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Nov. 11, 1909.

Hornell and Corning, two large N. Y. towns, went dry at the recent election.

An explosion followed by fire in a mine at Wilkes-Barre on Tuesday evening, and thus far nine bodies have been recovered and it is claimed that ten men are still missing.

In Sommerville, N. J., a hypnotist succeeded in putting a man so deeply to sleep that he never woke up. The victim is said to have been under the effects of alcohol at the time so that death might have come without the hypnotist's interference. At all events, says the Buffalo Commercial, it is hard to see how a case of manslaughter can be made out of it.

The report was circulated throughout the United States on Thursday of last week that Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt had ben killed while hunting in Africa, which was very soon contradicted. However it created a big scare in this country for a short time. On Monday Mrs. Roosevelt received a dispatch from her husband stating that he was well and expected to start for home in a short time.

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, formerly Miss Alva Willing, of Philadelphia, was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce from Colonel John Jacob Astor on Monday at New City, Rockland county. The decree was signed by Justice Isaac N. Mills. While the papers do not mention alimony, it is generally conceded that the story of last Saturday, in which it was stated that Mrs. Astor would be given $10,000,000 in cash by her husband, was correct. The parties interested refused to be interviewed, but it seems to be the general opinion that Mrs. Astor will be able to get along on that amount for the more common necessities of life.

A Philadelphia dispatch says: It was learned on good authority that dies have been prepared by the engravers of the United States mint for a proposed United States five cent Washington, to take the place of the nickels now in circulation. It cannot be said yet whether the government will adopt this coin or not. Many dies have been made for coins never accepted, but if this portrait coin follows the new Lincoln penny it will be the first coin in actual authorized circulation to carry the head of Washington. Yet several pattern coins bearing it has been circulated. Washington himself refused to allow such a coin to be issued during his life time. He said it was a "monarchial" custom, not fitting in a republic.

L. J. Reznor of Port Allegany, was a visitor in Bradford yesterday. Today he will go to Kane. Mr. Reznor, who is a prosperous, energetic young business man, has been urged by many of his friends in the county to be a candidate on the Republican ticket for the office of Assemblyman. He has not yet decided whether or not to make a run for the nomination, but in the near future he will decide. Port Allegany, he says, has had no recognition in the distribution of county political honors in this particular line, in the years gone by and there is a strong sentiment in that section of McKean county in favor of having a Port Allegany man on the Republican ticket next year as a candidate for the assembly. Mr. Reznor is popular, not only in Allegany, but in other sections of the county and if he should enter the contest would doubtless make a most excellent showing.—Tuesday's Era.

Personal Mention.

Geo. W. King is an Olean visitor.

F. D. Gallup, Esq., was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Lloyd Armstrong was a Bradford visitor Monday.

Mrs. W. S. Palmer is visiting in Tidioute this week.

Dr. Pool of Buffalo was a Smethport visitor over Sunday.

O. D. Gallup of Norwell was a visitor in town yesterday.

E. R. Benson of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor yesterday.

J. J. Roberts of Ceres, was a pleasant caller at this office today.

H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett was a business visitor in town last evening.

Editor Tom McClellan of the Mt. Jewett Herald, was a Smethport visitor yesterday.

Miss Margaret Knapp returned last evening from an extended visit in Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Susan Howe and Mrs. Charles Howe of Instanter are guests of Geo. Howe of East Smethport.

Albert Anderson of Clermont is a visitor in town today.

Hans Hanson of Colegrove, is a Smethport visitor today.

Mrs. Emil Jahn, who has been visiting in town for some time past, left for her home in Endicott Friday.

Masters Ralph and Merrill Provin are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Barbour of Newell.

L. M. Lamphere of Shinglehouse, was a Smethport visitor this week and was a pleasant caller at this office.

Miss Irma Wells who is attending Darlington Seminary at West Chester, Pa., is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Wells.

KILLED BY CARS.

Derrick City Man Met Death Under Wheels of B. R. & P. Freight Train.

Monday's Bradford Era says: George Delarime, a well known resident of Derrick City, was fatally injured by falling beneath the wheels of a southbound freight train on the B. R. & P. railroad at about 9 o'clock Sunday evening. The accident happened at a point near the foot of Grove street and a few rods from the North Eastern Terra Cotta plant in the upper yards of the railroad.

Mr. Delarime left Derrick City Saturday afternoon for Bradford, where he was to take the 5 o'clock train for St. Marys. It is thought that he missed that train and undertook to go to his destination on a freight train when he fell from a car beneath the wheels. Both legs were crushed, the left at the ankle and the right, between the thigh and knee.

He was discovered after several cars had passed over him and then was in a dazed condition.

Amputation Resorted To.

The man was taken to the hospital in Still's ambulance and Drs. A. M. and Persis R. Straight gave him surgical attention. Both legs were amputated and the patient seemed to rally after the surgical work, but the shock was too great for him to withstand and he expired at about 9:20 a. m. Sunday.

Owing to his weakened condition but little could be learned from him as to how the accident happened.

Deceased was 28 years of age and leaves a wife and one child; also his parents, living at Derrick City. He was a member of the Derrick City Lodge Knights of Pythias and was a popular young man. His family will have the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement.

The body was taken to Still's undertaking rooms and prepared for burial. Later it was conveyed to the home of his parents at Derrick City where the funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Interment at Oak Hill cemetery.

CHILD BURNED TO DEATH.

Shocking Fatality at Carrollton Last Week.

Friday's Bradford Era says: The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Treadway of Carrollton, aged 11 months, was burned to death at their home Wednesday. The baby was playing with his sister, two and one-half years old, and it is thought that the little girl secured some matches and while lighting them, the baby's clothing caught fire.

The mother who had been called to another part of the house, heard the child's cries, but when she reached him the clothes were burned from his body.

Dr. P. H. Bourne of Salamanca was notified, and when he reached the house at Carrollton the baby was dead.

Mr. Treadway is a store-keeper at Carrollton.

St. Marys' Ink Throwers.

The St. Marys Enterprise says: The mysterious ink throwers and a large number of ladies' dresses were again bespattered with the black or, in some cases, red fluid, the past week. A reward of one hundred dollars has been offered by the borough authorities for any information leading to the arrest and conviction of the guilty party, but so far without bringing about the desired results. There was a rumor that the two girls arrested Monday night, one of whom was from Ridgway, were connected with the ink throwing, but this report was without foundation. There has been no arrests in connection with the case, although there is every indication that the ink fiends will be gathered in the meshes of the law within a few days.

BOX BALL PARLORS.

High Score For Week.

Nov. 3, C. W. Freeman	176
Nov. 4, C. G. Raymond	147
Nov. 5, C. W. Freeman	152
Nov. 6, C. G. Raymond	148
Nov. 8, C. W. Freeman	155
Nov. 9, C. W. Freeman	147

For Sale.

A number of blacksmithing tools and good violin belonging to the late F. H. Freeman. For particulars inquire of G. W. Mitchell or Ralph E. Burdick.

Fall and Winter Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

6tf. MRS CARRIE CLARK.

REMEMBER! This Sale lasts but a short time, so take advantage while you have the chance. A deposit will hold any furs until wanted. Don't delay but come early and have first choice.

ALFRED L. PEZOLD RELIABLE FURRIER
508-510 MAIN ST.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

WE are absolute manufacturers and all goods we sell are cut, made and finished in our own workrooms.

Manufacturers Sale of
FINE FURS

We are absolute manufacturers and have made up one of the largest stocks of fine Furs and Fur garments in this State, which we will place on sale at our new store, 508 Main Street ground floor, 510 Main Street up stairs, Buffalo, at wholesale prices. A few of the many furs that we have are Caracul, Ermine, Black and Blue Fox, Pointed Fox, White Fox, Light Marten, Blonded Squirrel, Opossum, Persian Lamb, Hudson Bay Sable, Russian Sable, Mink, and dozens of others. Below you will find a few of the many money-saving bargains during this sale.

Pointed Fox Sets, regular price $40.00. Sale price	$ 30.00
Sable Opossum Sets, rug muff, regular price $16.50. Sale price	12.60
Black China Lynx Sets, regular price $25.00. Sale price	17.50
Fancy Marmot Sets, shawl and rug muff, regular price $17.00. Sale price	13.00
Persian Paw Sets, regular price $12.00. Sale price	9.00
Blue Opossum Sets, regular price $12.50. Sale price	9.00
Blue Coon Sets, large muff and shawl, regular price $60.00. Sale price	45.00
Pony Sets, regular price $14.00. Sale price	10.00
Jap Mink Sets, regular price $22.00. Sale price	15.00
Cat Lynx Sets, regular price $45.00. Sale price	33.00
Mink Muff, six stripes, regular price $38.00. Sale price	25.00
Natural Mink Sets, regular price $55.00. Sale price	48.00
Blonded Squirrel Coats, 42 inches long, regular price $125. Sale price	100.00
Black Pony Coats, 36 inches long, regular price $40.00. Sale price	28.00
Black Pony Coats, 42 inches long, brocade lining, regular price $42.50. Sale price	30.00
Black Pony Coats, 45 inches long, regular price $60.00. Sale price	45.00
Black Pony Coats, 50 inches long, regular price $75.00. Sale price	49.50
Opossum Shawl Sets, regular price $12.00. Sale price	6.50
White Coney Opera Coat, full length, regular price $100.00. Sale price	80.00
Caracul Coats, 50 inches long, regular price $125.00. Sale price	85.00
Natural Wolf Sets, regular price $50.00. Sale price	36.00
Natural Pony Coats, brocade lining, regular price $55.00. Sale price	37.50
Large Ermine Sets, regular price $95.00. Sale price	65.00
Hudson Sable Sets, regular price $150.00. Sale price	110.00
Hudson Seal Coats, regular price $150.00. Sale price	115.00
Persian Lamb Coats, regular price $200.00. Sale price	125.00

And a large assortment of the latest Paris Modeled Coats.
Take advantage of this Sale and Save Money.
All Goods Made in Dull Season and at half regular cost of Labor.

ALFRED L. PEZOLD
508 MAIN ST. GROUND FLOOR FURRIER 510 MAIN ST. UP-STAIRS
BUFFALO, N. Y.
Street cars from all railroad depots direct to our doors.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.
Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of
WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS
PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.
Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT.

First Class Laundry Work.
Do not wear SOILED COLLARS.
Help one another by sending your LAUNDRY work
—to—
KANE STEAM LAUNDRY,
F. C. Kelts, Mgr.
C. S. VAN DUSEN, Agent,
Smethport, Pa.

Our November Real Estate List Tells All About

175 money making farms, varying in price from $400 to $20,000. Some of size from 10 to 900 acres, and in these farms have nice timber lots, some have stock and tools and some have free gas. All of them are for sale at low prices and many of them on very easy terms. Our November real estate lists also describes many country stores, hotels, meat markets, desirable village and city properties, drug stores and other profitable enterprises. If you want to engage in business of any kind you ought to first read our November real estate list, sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp. If you want to sell any property you ought to enlist the services of this live agency. Our service is a service that sells.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

FISH,
OYSTERS,
CLAMS, ETC.
Maurice River Cove Oysters in shell, clams and tub oysters. Come Tuesdays and Fridays. Fresh saltwater fish every Friday.
QUIRK'S RESTURANT.

ATTENTION!

Leave Your Laundry Work at A. B. Armstrong Drug Store, Smethport, Pa.

We solicit your patronage for smooth Domestic Finish and High Grade Laundry Work.

Monday Collections, ship Tuesday noon.

Wednesday Collections, ship Thursday noon.

We will call for laundry work Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of each week. Have packages ready.

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY,
E. A. Morrison, of Bradford, Pa.
Donald Hogarth, Agents.

Executor's Notice.

Estate of Mary E. Richmond, late of Smethport Borough, McKean county, Pennsylvania, notice is hereby given that letters testamentary have been duly issued by the Register of Wills of McKean county. All persons having claims against said estate will present them duly verified to meet at my office in the Grange Bank building at Smethport, Pa., and all persons indebted to said estate will pay the same to me.

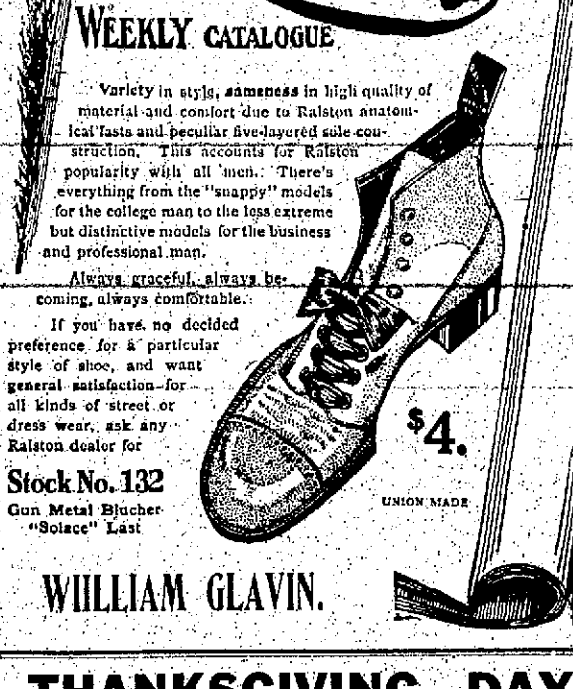
D. C. YOUNG,
Executor.

Smethport Pa., Nov. 11, 1909.

THE NEW MILITARY COLLAR
on our
rain coats and
overcoats is just what you
have been looking for.
Try one on and see
how it goes. It's New
and don't cost any more
than the old
style.
We Like Lookers.
H. W. Rubin.

Schrafft's Chocolates
—AND—
Munger's Candies
A fresh Stock just received.
—Try them at—
H. C. Wells' Drug Store,
SMETHPORT, - - PENNA.

...BUY...
Lowney's Confectionery
—AT—
McCoy's Drug Store



Ralston
WEEKLY CATALOGUE

Variety in style, sameness in high quality of material and comfort due to Ralston anatomical lasts and peculiar five-layered sole construction. This accounts for Ralston popularity with all men. There's everything from the "snappy" models for the college man to the less extreme but distinctive models for the business and professional man.

Always graceful, always becoming, always comfortable.

If you have no decided preference for a particular style of shoe, and want general satisfaction—for all kinds of street or dress wear, ask any Ralston dealer for

Stock No. 132
Gun Metal Blucher "Solace" Last

$4.
UNION MADE

WILLIAM GLAVIN.

THANKSGIVING DAY
Will soon be here and
The CASH GROCERY
is the place to get your
CALIFORNIA GRAPES, ORANGES, GRAPE FRUIT AND NUTS
G. W. BRENNAN'S,
THE CASH GROCER.

In the matter of the estate of John S. Condy, late of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned was appointed auditor to pass upon the exceptions and re-state the account, if necessary, of the administrator of the above estate; and that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Backus building opposite the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, December 1, 1909, at 9 o'clock A. M., at which time and place all persons interested may appear and be heard.

FRED. W. BACKUS,
Auditor.

INSURANCE!
Life, Fire & Accident
—WRITTEN BY—
W. F. SPECHT,
Smethport, Pa.
In good reliable companies

The Lindholm Co.

McCall's Patterns—

A WOMAN'S DUTY.

Every Woman Should be as Attractive as She Can.

Its her first duty to herself.

If nature has made her beautiful in face and figure, She's to be Congratulated. If otherwise, She must be Skillful. Art aids Nature. It overcomes—yes, even entirely obliterates defects, but it takes an Artist—a real Artist—to do it perfectly. How many women are entirely satisfied with their own figure? There are but few perfect figures onyway.

The question before most women is, "How can I correct my figure and enchance my personal attractiveness?" So she goes to a dress maker; but the dress maker only fits her unimproved figure. The result is a disappointment—Sometimes tears. So start at the foundation—Get a properly designed corset

THE MODART

And the woman who does not investigate the latest improvements speedily stops Improvsng and becomes a back number, "Styles of three years ago" her acquaintances say.

An expert corsetier will point out to you any defect in your figure —Y there is one She doesn't mind—That's her business. She will also point out how to correct the appearance of a figure—even if perfect. That too, is her business —it does not cost anything to try the experiment, and be fitted to one of the very latest Corset Creations. Then take a long look at the resultant effect and use your own good judgement, and decide is there is an improvement. If there is, you'll be pleased. If there isn't you'll be pleased as well to know that your figure cannot be improved by the best skill of Artistic Corsetiers.

Modart Corsets are not cheap. It takes an Artist to design and produce an effect that will please—A Corset that will be Comfortable and that will fit the wearer while standing or sitting. It takes brains to produce that result. Any brains cost money. But the effect justifies the expense. People nowadays aae Critical. A woman is not responsible for her type of beauty; she can't change that. She is, however, responsible for her appeasance. She can modify that, and it's her bounden duty to appear to the best advantage. Aer own happiness, her friends, her self-interest, require it.

Try a MODART CORST---the most perfect Corset yet developed. There is a total absence of gores and darts.

PRICES $5 AND UPWARDS

The Lindhom Company

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Horse Blankets,

Robes, Street Blankets

HARNESS SUPPLIES

DALY and GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday Nov. 11, 1909.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Civil court will convene next Monday.

—'Tis interesting to read Monheimer's ad on this page—if you need an Overcoat.

—The I. O. O. F. Band rendered a concert on Main street Monday evening.

—F. H. Hungiville expects to move his liquor store into the new Holder block in a few days.

"The Three Twins" is a strong attraction at the Bradford Theatre Saturday afternoon and evening.

—Mrs. Marie Carter has rented and will occupy the rooms over Engstrom's grocery, in the Gallup building on Main street, which have just been vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Allen Park.

—The I. O. O. F. band will give a concert on Main street this evening.

—Attend the football game this afternoon, Kane vs. Smethport, at 4 o'clock.

—Jay Stickles has opened a meat market in his store building at East Smethport.

—The advertisement of the Lindholm Company this week is unusually interesting.

—Chadwick's orchestra will furnish music for a dance at Coleville Thanksgiving eve.

—"The Girl From Rortora" will be an attraction at the Bradford Theatre next Wednesday.

—Mrs. T. H. Morrison entertained the Bridge Club at her home on West Main street, yesterday afternoon.

—Mrs. T. H. Morrison entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street yesterday afternoon.

—The open season for killing deer begins next Monday. Only one is allowed to a person and that must be a buck with horns.

—The Kushequa special train from Mt. Jewett to this place last night ran on acount of the High School contest brought 118 people into town.

—Sargeant Landin who has been in charge of the local station of Mounted Police, has been recalled to Punxsutawney. Privates Reyber, Florentine and Christian are still stationed here.

—Miss Orlo T. Hamlin gave a supper last Saturday evening at her home on West Main street. Covers were laid for twelve and after a delightful repast the evening was spent at cards.

—Miss Elizabeth Edge of Buffalo, N. Y., has been appointed to the position of nurse at the County Home by the County Commissioners. Miss Edge, who is a professional nurse, has entered upon the discharge of her duties.

—Dances have been given at the Lyceum every night this week and will continue throughout the week. Chadwick orchestra is furnishing the music for the events which are receiving large patronage.

—DuBois was visited by a $15,000 fire Sunday morning. The borough building was destroyed and the top floor of the DuBois hospital was badly damaged. The fire originated in the Borough building.

—A monthly meeting of the McKean County Medical Association was held at the office of Dr. Straight, Bradford, Tuesday evening. Dr. H. S. McCoy of this place, President of the Association, was present and read a paper on a scientific subject.

—"As Told in the Hills" will be the attraction at the Lyceum next Monday. This high class production appeared at the Lyceum one previous engagement and made a most favorable impression. The attraction features Princess Wah-ta-Waso, an Indian actress.

—Pedro Natello left yesterday for Buffalo on a business visit. Pedro is going to take a wife, and although he has never seen the Mrs. Natello-to-be, all preliminary arrangements have been made and it is expected that the nuptial proceedings will pass off without a hitch.

—The household effects of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Park were shipped to Texas this week where this popular couple will in the future make their home, Mr. Park having taken up a truck farm in that state. Mrs. Park, who is still in Smethport, expects to join Mr. Park in Texas next week.

—W. H. and F. J. Harriger of Warren have leased the barber shop in the Hungerford building on Main street and have started the same for business. Mr. W. H. Harriger has moved his family and household effects from Warren here and has rented and will occupy the residence of John Eberspacher on East Main street.

—"Out in Idaho" was the attraction at the Lyceum last Friday evening and before the scene of action and the entire cast of characteurs had been successfully transferred to the wilds of Idaho the fair sized audience was fully cognizant with the fact that the theatrical season was once more amongst us. Further comment is suppressed owing to a lack of suitable adjectives that would not be too daring for publication.

—Alonzo Slocum of Newton, was given a hearing before Justice Gleason this week on a charge of assault and battery, preferred by another resident of that place. Claude Hadzell, the complainant, alleged that the defendant had landed extensive injuries upon his system, near Newton. After a vigorous physical examination it was decided that the complainant's injuries did not justify the holding of the alleged beater and he was released.

—Mrs. Jennie Tracey, who is confined to the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Forsythe, suffering from an acute attack of Bright's disease, in a most precarious condition at the sustained a relapse last Friday and is present time and her recovery is despaired of. Mrs. Tracey had so far improved up to the time of suffering the relapse asto be able to be about some. The many friends of this popular lady will be greatly grieved to learn of her condition.

—Last week a number of wild geese alighted on the waters of No 3 reservoir. The fowls evidently needed rest and food in their southward flight and selected the big pond as a suitable spot for this purpose. The geese were victims of misplaced confidence, however, and a man with a shot gun succeeded in bagging four of the unsuspecting game fowls before they were ready to continue their journey. They weighed from 10 to 14 pounds each.—Bradford Star-Record

—Webb B. Hopper spent Sunday in Keating township, in the vicinity of Farmers Valley. He reports having had a delightful time on his trip.

—"Ma's New Husband" will be the attraction at the Lyceum Nov. 19. This attraction appeared at the local playhouse last season and made a tremendous hit, being an attraction of a very high order of excellence.

—H. R. Santen the Pittsburg taxidermist who came here two weeks ago to purchase the two bears shot by the Ovlatts of Norwich township, for the purpose of mounting them to be placed in the Carnegie Museum, Pittsburg, is still at the Ovlatt farm. Mr. Santen is desirous of securing an old bear and two cubs for the Museum and will probably stay in this vicinity until these are obtained. The Ovlatts will undoubtedly see to it that he gets what he is after in the bear line.

—Wilbur Russell, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Ovlatt, died at the home of his parents, in East Smethport, at 5:30 o'clock, Wednesday evening, Nov. 10, 1909, in the 5th year of life. The little fellow was taken ill with pneumonia two days previous and was unable to withstand the ravages of the disease. His sorrowing parents and brothers and sisters have the sincere sympathy of a large circle of friends. The funeral services will be held at the Union church, East Smethport, on Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

—Officer Foote went to Galeton last Saturday and arrested William Wood who left Smethport recently and forgot to pay a board bill he had contracted at the boarding house of Henry Hallman in this borough. Wood was brought to Smethport Monday and given a hearing before Justice Gleason. On the evidence presented the man was held under $100 bail for his appearance at the next term of criminal court. The prisoner could not secure the $100 bail and will languish at the county bastile in this borough from now on.

—John Pickersgill has completed repairs on his bakery building on Main street, which was badly damaged by fire last spring and is getting nicely settled in the same. The building has been in the hands of the painters during the past week. Besides having extended the structure out several feet on the Main street side a new steel cornice has been put on and a new glass front placed in the store part of the building. Mr. Pickersgill has thoroughly renovated the interior and made other marked improvements about the property with the result that he now has a modern and well equipped business place.

Punxs'y Firemen On Duty Again.

After being two months without the services of even a volunteer fire brigade, Punxsutawney's council has settled its dispute with the fire department and reinstated the entire company. The trouble started about three months ago, when several members of the fire department are alleged to have caused trouble in one of the fire houses and council would not make an appropriation to the department to pay the expenses of the delegates to a convention. The department resigned in a body immedately after Old Home Week. A citizen's committee took up the matter but until Monday evening of last week was unable to get the matter straightened out. On that evening council decided to take back all members of the old company according to certain conditions.

Horse for Sale.

Will sell one of pair, wt. about 1200 each, good workers. Also 1 set heavy sleds, Wisconsin patter. Apply to

L. R. HAFNER,
Kasson, Pa.

WM. MONHEIMER.

A LUCKY PURCHASE

of 68 Ovetcoats, all this season's make, enables us to offer them

AT $4 & $5 EACH,

which is really less than

HALF THE PRICE.

they should sell for. Think of the SAVING!! and just at the time when an overcoat is most needed. You will appreciate this offer when you see the overcoats.

MONHEIMER'S

Man-Tailored Garments Made to Measure.

You can now get man-tailored garments made to your individual measure, at little more than ready-made prices.

We take all the measurements right at our store. We gather all the facts necessary to fit your figure, style and individuality.

We send all these facts to the American Ladies Tailoring Co., Chicago, the largest concern in their line. The garments are made by journeymen tailors, under the direction of the famous Monsieur Kayser.

Delivery is very prompt.

180 Kinds of Cloth.

We are showing at our store the handsome Fashion Portfolio issued by this tailoring Concern. The best of styles for Fall and Winter are shown in it—all in actual colors. There are 54 styles pictured in this Portfolio

We also show 180 samples to the latest weaves in cloth. Any style that you choose will be made to your measure in any cloth you select. Think what an enormous variety.

Amazing Prices.

The prices we quote are amazing—hardly more than ready-made prices. Yet the garments are all man-tailored by experts; and they have all the man-tailored effects. And they are all made to your measure.

Suits, $13.50 to $45
Skirts, $5.00 to $15
Coats, $7.50 to $25

We guarantee absolute satisfaction in fit, style, workmanship and materials. Any garment not right need not be accepted.

Please come and see this Fashion Portfolio, and judge what such service means.

FRY & COMES

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

It Costs Just a Post Card

to learn how to increase your income on your savings and how to bank by mail and how to insure your bank deposits, without cost, with a fund of ten million dollars.

Write today for Interesting Free Booklet

Capital and Surplus, $10,000,000.00

"In Capital and Surplus, there is Strength."

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
(SAVINGS BANK)
317 Fourth Ave.—314 to 318 Diamond St.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

For Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES

Go to

W. A. ANDORFER.

Prompt Delivery Satisfaction Guaranteed

AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION

RETREADING, REBUILDING, RECOVERING, and REPAIRING of AUTOMOBILE TIRES.

Inner Tubes Repaired Promptly. NEW and Second Hand Casings and Tubes Always in Stock.

WE ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEE EVERY JOB.

Smethport Rubber Co. . . . . Smethport, ... Pennsylvania.
CHAS. S. MOOMY, Pres. & Gen. Mgr.

At the End of The Summer

The Game of Golf That Richard and Marcia Played.

By TEMPLE BAILEY.

Copyright, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

Marcia, in a red sweater, made a bright spot on the other side of the green.

Richard waved to her, and she waved back, dropping her bag of golf clubs and standing on tiptoe so that he might see her clearly above the bushes. When he came up to her he said:

"Such energy! It's only 7 o'clock."

"I hoped to be early enough so that I could go around the course alone." The words were severe, but her eyes twinkled.

"You know you'd rather go with me." Richard built up a tee of sand neatly and topped it with his round white ball.

"I've made my drive," Marcia said, "and my ball is lost over there somewhere in the bushes; so, if you please, I'll follow my nose and find it."

And away she went. And Richard, putting all his skill into his drive, sent his ball halfway to the first hole. Then he picked up his bag and marched in leisurely fashion after Marcia.

"Found it?" he questioned.

"No."

"That's a woman's trick—to lose a ball."

She whirled around on him. "Just as it is a man's trick to lose his heart!" she blazed.

He grew white. "I didn't think you'd say a thing like that," he said and turned and left her.

She went running after him. "Oh, Dick, Dick!" she cried, "I didn't mean it." He tramped on, unheeding, and at last she came up to him and laid her hand on his arm. "Really, I didn't mean it," she pleaded.

He stopped and looked down at her gravely. "I'll admit it wasn't very nice of me to make that remark about the ball," he said, "but there's a difference between making fun of a girl's game and making fun of a man's love."

"Yes, there is," she admitted. "And I'm sorry, Dick."

Of course he forgave her, as he had forgiven her all summer, ever since that first night when he had been presented to her in the ballroom of the big hotel and she had divided his waltz with some one else. But she had begged pardon so prettily that he had felt almost as if he were the offender.

"But this is the end," he said sternly. "Let's have it out right here, Marcia."

"Have what out?"

"All of it. We are going home tomorrow, and, try as I will, I can't get an opportunity to ask you to marry me."

"Oh!"

"You've held me off and parried and run away, but it's got to be settled here and now." And with that this very large young man sat down on a hillock and motioned her to another.

"Oh, my goodness!" said Marcia faintly, but she did as she was told.

"Of course I know I'm not worthy of you and all that. I haven't much money, but I've got health and strength and the will. I've got ambition, and I'm going to win out in the fight of life, and I'll make a place for you if you'll let me. And I'd do anything to save you from Doring."

Her head went up. "I like Mr. Doring," she emphasized. "He's very polite—and—and"—

"I'm not," said Richard bitterly. "Oh, you needn't rub it in! But you keep me so stirred up—I'm not half bad when I'm normal."

Her laugh had a tremble in it. "No, you're not half bad," she agreed.

He turned to her eagerly. "Marcia, you don't love—Doring?"

She arose quickly. "He is worth a million."

Richard stood up also. "As if that would make a bit of difference to you," he said. "You may have your faults, Marcia, but I don't believe you are mercenary."

She was fingering her cheek nervously. "But—but I am mercenary, Dickie boy," she said very low.

He stared at her. "Marcia," he said sharply, "you wouldn't marry Doring for his money?"

She looked up at him suddenly. "Oh, I don't know—I don't know! I've always been poor, and I've never had pretty things, and I want them. I want to go into the ballroom all in chiffon and pearls instead of in my old white dresses and my little chain with the gold heart. Think of it, Dickie—I've never had any jewel but that, and I want jewels. Every girl wants them, and Mr. Doring could give them to me."

But Richard was not listening. He took out his watch. "Marcia," he said in a practical way, "have you had your breakfast?"

She looked up surprised. "Why this change of subject?" she faltered.

"Because you're tired and nervous, and I don't think you are capable of saying what you think," he said. "I am going to take you over to the inn. We'll breakfast on the bluff, and Cecile will make us an omelet and some perfect coffee, and we shall have a basket of white rolls. Will you go?"

"Why, of course," said Marcia uncertainly. "But it was such a funny thing for you to think of breakfast—right after you proposed to me."

"You've heard of bread and cheese and kisses," said Richard flippantly. "Well, this is a case of adoration and omelet. Come on, Marcia, mine."

"I'm not yours."

"You're going to be," said Richard and he picked up their bags and started.

The inn was a little French place where delectable meals were served to those who tired of the regular hotel fare and where, it was whispered, certain gay souls sat somewhat late at night.

This morning Cecile, the trim landlady, met them at the door with radiant welcome. They should have the omelet and coffee—such coffee! And away she went, smiling, while they settled themselves at a table on the porch. Through the window they could see into the dining room, where there was one table not yet cleared of the half empty bottles, as well as other evidences of a midnight feast. Half sprawled across the table lay a man asleep.

Marcia, peeping through the window, said, "He evidently doesn't know it's morning."

Richard nodded. "Let's wake him up." And he began a silvery tattoo with his knife on the glasses.

The man yawned, stretched and raised a face red and sodden.

Marcia caught at Richard's arm. "Why," she whispered, "why, Richard—it's—Doring!"

But before Richard could answer Doring stumbled out on the porch, gave one look at Marcia and fled.

Then Marcia looked at Richard. "You knew," she said, "that he was here?"

He laid his hand on hers. "I knew," he told her, "that he was no fit mate for you, Marcia. And I wanted you to see. What would his money amount to if you had to put up with that?" He pointed to the wine bottles in the other room.

She shuddered. "I—I didn't really intend to marry him—because I don't love him, Richard."

"And you didn't mean what you said about wanting money?" he questioned eagerly.

Her eyes met his bravely. "Yes, I do like money, Dick. But I wouldn't sell myself. I couldn't marry without love."

"Neither would I," said Dickie boldly. "So when are you going to marry me, Marcia?"

She laughed. "In the spring perhaps."

"As if I'd wait," said Richard masterfully. "After breakfast we'll go back to the links. And if I win the game you'll have to marry me in October, and if you win I'll wait until spring."

So back through the clear September air they went and played nine holes. And Marcia did her best. But a woman is only a woman, and Dick was famed for his good game. And so, after all, the wedding came at the end of the summer.

The Same Stock.

People who knew the Huntley family, "root and branch," always said that there could be only one other person in the world as blunt and tactless as James Huntley, and that was his cousin William. James lived in New York and William in Boston. One day James appeared at William's home just at dinner time.

"Well, this is a surprise!" said William. "You're the last person in the world I should have expected to see tonight. Got tired of home?"

"You wouldn't have seen me if I could have got through my business in time to catch the 3 o'clock train," said James. "I tried hard enough."

The cousins looked cheerfully at each other and were quite unaware of the frantic efforts made by Mrs. William to guide the conversation into a smooth channel. Seated at last at the dinner table and attacking the roast beef, the host said:

"If I'd known you were going to drop in on us this way, without warning, I'd have ordered a better dinner."

"Don't trouble about that," said James heartily. "It does well enough, and next time I'll be sure to let you know beforehand."—Youth's Companion.

Proposals In Holland.

A very nice girl made me her confidences concerning Dutch youth. She was not engaged—no, and for an excellent reason. There had been no ice for two years. The canals never once had frozen over—ergo, there had been no chance for the engagements, which in Holland are made on the ice, where suddenly no stiff conventions exist and girls and young men are free to mingle as we do. Her sister had become a young lady in a fortunate but very cold year, and her engagement had taken place at once, and she now lived in America. I saw her once. Her hair had been loosened to a brave pompadour, she wore her waist long and loose, and she had joined a woman's club. My friend, the unmarried one, had once done an awful thing. It had nearly upset the family. She had walked alone a square with a very "old man of forty" whom she had met many times at her grandmother's!—Harper's Bazar.

The Old Reason.

"I can't see how so many men stand it to eat in a cheap and noisy and untidy restaurant."

"I suppose the explanation is as old as Adam."

"What's that?"

"The craving for food."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Too Long For Her.

"When I have $10,000 in the bank I will ask you to marry me," he said.

"I belong to a long lived family," replied the sweet girl, "but I can't hope to live as long as that."—Life.

The "Sillinger" Stakes.

It only takes a few hours to get from any part of England to Doncaster, see the race for the St. Leger and return home. Yet in the coaching times a journey from London to Doncaster occupied a couple of days.

Taking its name from a famous Doncaster sportsman, Colonel St. Leger—properly pronounced "Sillinger"—the race is the second oldest horse racing event in the country. It was founded in 1776 and always arouses the greatest enthusiasm in the north of England. In fact, in the prerailway days laborers living fifty miles away would save up their shillings for weeks, walk to Doncaster, see the race, have a bet and walk home again.

John Scott, who in his day was visited by peers, lawyers, poets and authors of all degrees, trained sixteen St. Leger winners. There have been many memorable finishes to the race, and on one occasion a horse named Theodore, against whom the odds were quoted at 1,000 to a walking stick—officially 1,000 to 5—won handsomely.

The largest field was thirty, in 1825, and the smallest four, in 1783 and 1785. A horse named Ninety-three won in 1793.—London Saturday Review.

Armed With a Saber Hilt.

When William L. Royall of Fauquier county, Va., was seventeen years old he became a Confederate soldier. In his "Reminiscences" he says that the feats performed by the Confederate cavalry in the early part of the war were remarkable, because not one company in ten had any arms that were fit to fight with.

"When I joined my company," he writes, "they gave me a saber which, I think, was used in the Revolution, and this was the only weapon I had. One day, while my regiment was standing in a road, I bantered a comrade to see which of us could cut the largest twig from a tree. I made a powerful cut, and the blade of my saber broke off at the hilt. In a short time we were dismounted and ordered to clear the Yankees out of a piece of woods in skirmish formation. We marched through the woods, but fortunately no Yankees were there. I have often wondered what I should have done, armed with that saber hilt, if I had met a Yankee armed with a Springfield musket."

Bees Swarming Have Scouts.

Swarms of bees are sometimes compelled to take refuge in very remarkable shelters. A peculiar and instructive instance was observed by the writer one spring. The swarm flew over a large vineyard which contained few buildings. One of these buildings was constructed of hollow concrete blocks. The swarm flew directly toward a small hole in one of the blocks and disappeared in the interior. No doubt the swarm had rested on a tree or shrub on the preceding day and had sent out scouts to seek a home. The scouts found the little hole leading into the great cavity of the concrete block and reported their discovery to their comrades. This case furnishes indisputable proof that swarming bees really send out scouts, as they are believed to do, for the little hole could not have been discovered in the rapid and lofty flight of the swarm.—Scientific American.

Gymnastics In Switzerland.

Once in every three years the gymnasts of Switzerland and the members of the affiliated clubs in other countries, for the most part composed of Swiss residents abroad, meet to compete in the great contest known as the federal gymnastic festival. A carefully prepared series of exercises is gone through on gymnastic apparatus. There is Swiss wrestling, and there are competitions in the national games of Switzerland, including throwing the stone (a forty pound square block of granite). The festival closes with a display of combined extending exercises in which all the competitors—10,000 at times—take part. Gymnastics are the national pastimes of the Swiss boys and young men, and the clubs they form are recognized and encouraged by the federal government.—Illustrated London News.

Ambitious.

Freddy—Papa, may I study elocution? Proud Father—Indeed you may, my son. You desire to become a great orator, do you? Freddy—Yes, that's it. Proud Father—And some day make the whole world ring with your eloquence? Freddy—I shouldn't care for that. I want to be an after dinner speaker. Proud Father—Ah, you are ambitious for social distinction, are you? Freddy—No; I want the dinner.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Between Doctors.

"Doctor, I want to engage you to look after my practice while I'm on vacation."

"But I'm just out of college, doctor, and have had little experience."

"That's all right, my boy. My practice, while large, includes very few people who are actually ill."—Houston Post.

Miss Miggles Was Willing.

Mr. Breezy of Boston (tenderly)—Miss Miggles, will you—er—meet me in the gloaming? Miss Miggles of Milwaukee (eagerly)—Any old place you say, Mr. Breezy. Where is it and how do you get there?—Chicago News.

Flying the Kite.

Crawford—My wife has a habit of spending money before she gets it. Crabshaw—Mine is worse. She spends it before I get it myself.—Judge.

Vulgarity in manners defiles fine garments more than mud.—Plautus.

Second Best

Henry Took Ann at Her Word, but Little Jimmy Rebelled.

By LOUISE OLNEY.

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Ann Mark's eye flashed. Direct as her name, she refused to marry Henry Jasper. He stood before her a little awkwardly, but yet a man that most women would have considered kindly. He was not forty, well off for the simple community, highly respected, and his wife, Caroline, had been dead three years. Being a mere man, how could he know that Ann, his old schoolmate, had suffered agonies when as a young man he had courted and married her cousin?

No one knew why Ann had not married. She never wore her heart on her sleeve. Now, in spite of herself, her heart softened to him, noting how his hand ruffled his hair as it always did when he was puzzled and unhappy.

"I never did think I could be second best in any man's life," she went on rather cruelly. "And I don't see how at my age, thirty-five, and I don't care who knows it—I don't see how I can begin playing mother to another woman's child. The boy will hate me, as all children do a stepmother. No; ask some other woman." The man flushed angrily.

"Don't insult me, Ann. You know I don't want any other woman. I've always—you know I can't tell you what I always thought of you. It wouldn't seem fair to Caroline, who did her best by me."

The world knew she had been a weak, fretful, untidy woman, jealous, thriftless, her baby beauty gone in a few years. And it knew of his loyalty. He could not tell this woman how in the years she had been about his house helping Caroline his heart had gone out to Ann's cheery strength, her wholesome, healthy kindness. He tried one word more.

"Ann, if you knew how I needed you in every way you would come. Do you think I have forgotten how to love?" Still she shook her head. He turned slowly away, climbed into his buggy and drove to his own farm. Ann sat thinking, for she remembered many things. She finally rose and went into her sister's house, where she was visiting. Molly looked at her curiously as she entered, waiting to be told something, for she had guessed Henry's errand. But she was forced to respect Ann's silence.

In the crisp September morning Ann started out for a walk. She went over the hills where she used to play with Molly and with Henry and Caroline. How strangely things had worked out! She thought of her busy life as a forewoman in a big shop, her practical, busy, useful, lonely life. How soon her visit to the old place would be over! Reaching the top of the hill, she sat down in the falling leaves, pushing the heavy dark hair back from her face. Her big eyes were soft and kind and dark, like an animal's eyes. She was tall and vigorous.

Down in the valley she could see Henry Jasper's house and barnyard. He was hitching the bays to the buggy, and presently he drove away. A sudden temptation assailed her. She had heard Molly say his most recent housekeeper had left. Should she go and have a look at things? She did not see the boy about. Probably Jimmy was at his grandmother's. She rose and walked across the stubble.

The door was locked, but she found the key under the mat and entered. She could have groaned at sight of the kitchen—dishes unwashed, floor ditto, disorder rampant. The sitting room, the bedroom, everything was a sorry sight to her housewifely eye, for she was first and always a housekeeper. Things had been bad enough in Caroline's time, but now they were impossible.

She had no compunction about entering. She had always been in and out before she went to the city. He would not care. She looked at the clock and calculated that he could not get back from town under two hours. Then she rolled up her sleeves and skirt and went to work—dishes first, then the floor, then sweeping, dusting and making beds. Before she knew it three hours had gone and it was noon. She found a bite to eat and decided to go on even if he caught her at it. She did not care.

Knowing it would take weeks to get everything as it should be, she chose those points to put to rights that would make for sheer comfort. She made some pies and ginger cookies and doughnuts and boiled some corned beef from the barrel, trying not to see the condition the cellar was in. The afternoon wore on, and still Henry did not return. She mended some of Jimmy's clothes, poor child!

She had decided that she would keep at work as long as possible and then slide out the back way when she saw him coming, but it was not to be. About 4 she suddenly was aware of a wailing in the yard and from the door beheld Jimmy, fish pole in hand, limping along and crying at every step. He was a boy of ten, like his father as one pea to another. She ran to meet him and saw that his foot was cut and bleeding. She picked him up and carried him in, washed his foot, dressed it and put him on the sofa, where she fed him. As she came to take away the plate he suddenly, in the most unboylike fashion, snatched her about the neck and kissed her. Then he fell asleep.

By this time she had no thought of going back till the child's father came. She moved about the kitchen and dining room in her orderly, effective way—a way businesslike, eminently womanly and good. The waste apparent everywhere annoyed her thrifty soul. She saw forty ways to better and save. She set the table with a fresh cloth and put a good supper to cook on the stove she had blackened at the cost of her pretty, plump hands, her one beauty save her eyes. It was nearing 6 o'clock.

After a little Jimmy awoke and without warning began to cry, refusing to tell what troubled him, but denying that it was his foot. Finally Ann got a low rocker, took the child in her arms and began to rock him. Great boy that he was, he snuggled to her, his unloved little heart accepting the comfort, trusting this soft voiced, smiling, mother armed woman who called herself Aunt Ann.

As she sat thus, her attention quite absorbed, Henry Jasper came wearily to the kitchen door, his arms loaded with groceries, his face hopeless. He had been wondering where to look for Jimmy, who had been allowed that morning to go to a neighbor's.

Then with unbelieving joy he saw the clean room, the spread table, the new air of comfort, and, best of all, in Ann Mark's kind arms he saw his sleeping motherless child—a child nearly as unmothered before his own mother's death as after it. She looked up at him and smiled.

"He cut his foot and came home crying. I came over, and when I saw so much to do I went to work. I know you wouldn't mind, Henry."

Mind! The hard thing was that she should come just to go again; that she should give him a taste of this calm comfort, let him see her like this and deny him a continuance of it. He was very miserable in his gratitude.

"Put your packages on the sink," she commanded, "and after I have laid Jimmy down I will put them away. Will you open the oven door and look at the biscuit?" He obeyed her, then stood looking while she deftly put everything in its place. The milk pail shiningly waited for him to take it and go out to milk, but he lingered. And Jimmy awoke and wanted to tell his father about the enormous fish that nibbled at his hook and got almost caught and how he had cut his foot on the broken bottle and found Aunt Ann to bind it up.

"Supper is ready, and you had better eat before you do the rest of the chores, Henry," she said, helping the boy to limp to his place.

They ate [illegible] merrily, chatting, laughing, the woman wondering how many minutes would pass before she rose to go. The father yawned quickly. She was asking him about his housekeepers, what he paid them, advising him what he should do [illegible]. Their eyes met [illegible]. "You [illegible] Ann [illegible]" So he had taken her at her word. It was plain that he had no thought of anything serious in all this. But the woman had. She saw here her place, her opportunity. The old hurt and anger had passed, and she was against heart the simple girl who had loved him before this man was at first hers. She paused a moment, still looking at him. There was now no thought of being "second best." She would make herself all to them.

"I'll wash the dishes up first, and then after you have done the chores you can walk back with me." Jimmy set up a sudden wail from his chair, where he still sat at the table.

"I don't want you to go away," he cried, "and I won't stay alone while papa goes with you!" Ann went behind his chair and put her arms around him. She did not look at the child's father.

"Listen, Jimmy. Auntie must go tonight, but if you will be good till papa comes back I will come again."

"When will you? How long will you stay?" he demanded, with the definiteness of childhood. No uncertainty for Jimmy! She did not hesitate.

"I will come back—in the morning—and I will stay always—if papa says that I may!"

Jimmy, forgetting his foot, jumped at her neck like a little boa constrictor. But his father set him down, wanting her himself just then.

"Are you going to let her stay, papa?" Then Henry Jasper laughed, and the burden of unhappy years rolled from his shoulders. Ann was presently forced to hand him the milk pail as a hint to let her get at the dishes.

Pantomime Performances.

Most pantomime characters were originally borrowed from the Italians. The first real English pantomime was produced at a theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1720. It was called "Harlequin Executed," and its subtitle was "A New Italian Comic Scene Between a Scaramouche, a Harlequin, a Country Farmer, His Wife and Others." The performance was very successful. About the middle of the eighteenth century the character of pantomime performances was completely altered, chiefly because of the genius of the famous Grimaldi, who made the clown the first figure in the pantomime. Grimaldi first appeared at Sadler's Wells theater, where he played the part of a monkey. He was actively engaged on the stage for forty-nine years, and at the close of his career he took a benefit at Drury Lane theater which realized nearly £600. He also received £100 from the Drury Lane fund. This was in June, 1828. He died in 1837 and was buried in the churchyard of St. James' chapel, Pentonville Hill.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

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Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean Smethport; R. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Starsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. R. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank R. Foster, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford Twp.; J. A. [illegible], Bradford; John P. Devlin, Bradford.
Com'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. O. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. K. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—E. E. Heath, president; F. H. Siever, secretary; J. W. Waite, E. W. Workley, O. H. Denning, F. L. Sherburne, J. C. Backus, H. H. Sasse.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. R. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; F. D. Gallup, sec'y.; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.
CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 275, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
[illegible] CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAHAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
JENNIE EBERSPACHER, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
LETTIE COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
W. R. HOPPER, S.
[illegible] HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at [illegible]; Sunday School at [illegible]; Junior League at [illegible]; Epworth League [illegible].

Episcopal—Rev. [illegible]

All Saints Memorial Chapel [illegible]

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—[illegible]

Wesleyan Methodist Church—[illegible], pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at [illegible] and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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FOR BACKACHE

At Towser's Point

When Jessie Lost Her Voice and Suddenly Recovered It

By DONALD ALLEN

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Towser's Point was owned by Farmer Towser, and Farmer Towser and his good wife were uncle and aunt to Miss Jessie Carnot, whose father was a lawyer in the city and who had come to the point to spend the summer and be coddled up like a child of ten.

"My stars, but how handsome she is!" exclaimed Aunt Rebecca.

"She's certainly as chipper as the chipperest, and if there were forty fellers around here they'd all be after her," added Uncle Joe.

Opposite Towser's Point were Bayside and Penny Cove and Lobster Beach. At all these resorts there were numerous camping parties. Uncle Joe had a skiff, and Miss Jessie took to boating and fishing at once. She had not been out more than three times when she came home one day and said:

"Aunty, something's got to be done."

"Well, tell Uncle Joe, and he'll sure do it."

"But I don't want a new fish line or anything of that kind. There's a camp of men across the bay, and this morning two of them came out in a boat and fished right where I was fishing. I heard them talking about me to themselves, but I never looked up. I just know they will make some excuse to speak to me."

"Men air dreadful creatures—all but Uncle Joe," sighed Aunt Rebecca.

"But what shall I do? I want to row and fish."

"If it was me, I'd keep my eyes on my fish line and my mouth shut. That'll discourage them. If it don't I'll have Uncle Joe row out there and tell them that speaking to a good looking girl unless she wants to be spoken to is the same as assault and battery."

"Oh, aunt, but you've given me an idea—such an idea! Why, it will be the funniest thing in the world! It will be such a joke on them. You and Uncle Joe must help me."

"We certainly will, child."

"Then I'm going to play deaf and dumb. If they speak to me I'll make [illegible]"

[illegible]

"And his or such folks ought to be made to sew on their own patches and do their own darning," was the retort of the wife, and then the subject was closed.

That afternoon as Miss Jessie rowed out to the oyster beds and dropped her line a boat with a single occupant came stealing across the bay. He was a young man, and he seemed to find it hard work to locate himself to woo the fish. He threw out his line here and there, but soon sought another place and at length brought up just where he had been aiming for all the time, within thirty feet of the girl's skiff. She raised her eyes to him, and he pleasantly inquired:

"Having any luck here, may I ask?"

With her free hand she made motions to signify that she could neither hear nor speak and turned away. She heard him utter a low whistle of surprise and then mutter to himself:

"Hanged if that isn't a pity in the case of such a good looking girl! I want to talk with her now worse than ever."

Both parties caught a few fish and now and then glanced toward each other, but after a time the young man found it stupid work and lifted his anchor. Miss Jessie looked up at the splash of his oars, and he lifted his cap. She went home and gleefully related her experience.

"I guess you've scared them off for good, but I've knowed men to fall in love with deaf, dumb and blind girls. It's just as they take a notion," said Aunt Rebecca.

Soon after 8 o'clock next morning and while Miss Jessie was out feeding the calf there was a caller at the house. It was the young man of the boat, and he wanted vegetables. He also wanted to know in a confidential way if the poor girl was born thus. His questions were partly answered and partly evaded, and he went away saying that he might return the next morning, as he was very fond of cucumbers and tomatoes.

"What does he look like when you are close to him?" queried the girl of her aunt.

"He's a good looking fellow, and he talks as good language as I do. Jessie, I'm afraid you've got into a scrape."

"Why, how?"

"He's coming tomorrow morning, and he's just going to keep a-coming. I could see it in his eyes. How are you going to get over being deaf and dumb?"

"I won't get over it. If he comes I won't be around. I won't go out in the boat today, and that'll discourage him."

But the girl was mistaken. The unknown not only returned in the morning, but while Aunt Rebecca was pulling the tomatoes and picking the cucumbers he walked straight up to the "unfortunate" and wrote on a pad he had brought for the purpose:

"Fishing was good yesterday. I hoped you would be out."

"I don't care so much about fishing," she wrote.

"Wouldn't you like a sail on the bay?"

She shook her head.

"I see no hammock here. I have a spare one and will be glad to put it up for you."

Another shake, but she signed her thanks at the same time.

"I said he'd come, and he did come," observed Aunt Rebecca after the young man had departed. "Here's the card he left. He lives in town and paints pictures. What's the name—Clarence Denton?"

"Oh, he won't come again! I'm going fishing today, and if I see him coming I'll row away. Perhaps I shall give him a snub."

The snub was administered two hours later. Miss Jessie had reached her fishing ground when the artist was sighted bearing down upon her. She lifted her anchor and rowed straight away, and the distance was too far for him to see the smile on her face or for her to see the look of chagrin on his.

As the day turned out to be warm there was no boating in the afternoon, and neither did Mr. Denton show up for more vegetables in the morning. Miss Jessie pretended to be well pleased, but down in her heart she was piqued.

As a matter of fact, the girl had become indignant by the time she had taken up the oars, and the feeling was added to after she had fished for an hour without a bite or a sight of the other boat. Then came an interruption. She hooked what she believed was a whale, and in her excitement she rose up and tumbled into the water with a great splash. The boat did not go over, and she soon had her hands on it. But to draw herself up was another matter. She could not do it. She could only hang on and think of sharks.

She had been clinging for half an hour when a boat suddenly appeared in sight, and at the top of her voice she called out to be saved. She called once, twice, thrice, and then the boat was beside her, and Mr. Clarence Denton was lifting her in by the shoulders. He said no word until she was in and then asked:

"Does it always have this effect on deaf and dumb people?"

"I can't say as to others, but I have surely found my voice," was the saucy reply.

"Well, that's worth the waiting. I saw you when you went over, but was waiting for you to call. As you may [illegible]"

[illegible]

"If you haven't lost your voice again you'd better tell him that I'm willing, Uncle Joe's willing and that your father is one of the willingest men in the world. [illegible] it's high time a big girl like you was stepping off."

The King's Premature Death.

The leading tragedian of a small company playing in an unimportant English village felt himself hard up one evening for a man to walk on in the first act of a historical bloodcurdler and say to him, "My lord, the king is ill," and to appear in the last act with the information, "My lord, the king is dead." So the leading tragedian took an active and fairly passable stage hand on one side and, engaging him for an extra shilling or two, instructed him carefully upon the artistic responsibilities of his new duties. "Now, mind you," he said, "the first time you come on you say, 'My lord, the king is ill,' and the second time you come on you say, 'My lord, the king is dead.'" "That's all right, guv'nor!" exclaimed the unshaven recruit, growing visibly larger in the chest with the magnitude of his promotion. And then "the night" came, and in the first act on swaggered the dusty debutant, with the dread line, uttered hurriedly, but in a prodigious voice, "My lord, the king is dead!" "Oh, is he?" snarled the leading tragedian, turning upon the much befeathered messenger a look of eternal hatred. "Then he has spoiled the whole of my blooming part!"

People We Often Meet.

"I hate the person who sends me important information on a postcard," remarked a woman at dinner the other evening. "In fact, I think postcards in general an abominable institution."

"A still more reprehensible habit," put in a second speaker, "is that of the man or woman who dictates letters of a private nature to a secretary."

All of us then enumerated our pet aversions. One of them was the individual who is always in a hurry, who while one talks to him seems on the tiptoe of flight and who never decides to do anything without consulting an engagement book.

Cousins to this one are the people who when they pay a call rush away after a fixed time, no matter how interesting the conversation, and never remain quite to the end of an entertainment. Yet they are usually people of leisure, hurrying from habit and not because they have anything in particular to do.

All these folk in some way sin against good manners and hurt the amour propre of their friends, being without the blessed gift of tact which crowns its happy owner with social popularity.—London Black and White.

A PET MONKEY.

Its Pranks With an Author's Manuscripts and Decorations.

A Paris contemporary dealing with the love of great men for animals gives an amusing account of Chateaubriand and his monkey. When he was engaged in preparing Fontanes' works for the press, on returning one day he was met by his monkey.

"Ah, you rogue," said Chateaubriand, "your shamefaced look tells of mischief." The monkey was chained up, but as things did not appear much disturbed Chateaubriand thought no more of the matter until it was time to resume work. Fontanes' manuscripts were not to be found.

At last Chateaubriand looked into the waste paper basket, and there were the manuscripts. The monkey had watched his master, and as he had seen him fold a sheet of paper and tear it into four, so he had dealt with Fontanes' writings. With much labor they were pieced together and afterward published.

Chateaubriand thought it advisable to see what else the monkey had done. His orders had disappeared from a drawer which was always kept closed. The servants searched everywhere for them, but they were not to be found. Nearly a week elapsed before they were traced, and then a domestic noticed that the monkey had suspended them to the cornice in a quasi-symmetrical way.

The monkey was given his congé, and Chateaubriand replaced him by a cat, which was allowed a place on his master's writing table, and great was the pleasure which he derived in playing with puss.

DIVING FOR COINS.

The Natives of Madeira Are Experts at the Business.

As we drew in and came to anchor we saw descending upon us a fleet of small, curious boats filled with half naked men. We suspected now that Madeira was a cannibal island and prepared for the worst. It was not quite as bad as that. They merely wanted us to throw coins over into the liquid azure which they call water in this country, whereupon their divers would try to intercept the said coins somewhere between the top and bottom of the sea. We didn't believe they could do it, but we tried and, as usual, found that the other fellow knew his own game better than we did.

If those amphibians did not always get the coins they generally did. They could see them perfectly in that amazing water, and they could dive like seals. Some of the divers were mere children—[illegible] clean creatures who stood up in their boats and shouted [illegible] good show, managing the best of its kind we enjoyed it.—Albert Bigelow Paine in Outing Magazine.

Meaning of the Green Bough.

The custom of placing a green bough on the roof of a newly built house is not confined to Germany, but was adopted by the French Canadians, who brought it with them from Brittany. The custom originated from the superstition prevalent centuries ago that every tree is inhabited by a spirit; consequently it was believed that every time a tree was felled another spirit was dispossessed, and this was supposed to cause some bitterness on his part against society. Rather than risk having these homeless and disgruntled spirits vent their ill feeling upon the houses under construction or upon the builders a branch was planted on the highest part of the house for their occupancy. They were then supposed to be mollified, and if they remained so until the roof was put on any evil design contemplated would prove harmless, for the spell would be broken.—Van Norden's Magazine.

Savona.

The history of Savona is that of a long struggle with the Genoese, ended in the sixteenth century, when they seized the town and rendered its harbor useless by sinking vessels filled with stones at the entrance. In 1746 it was captured by Sardinia, but was soon back again under the control of Genoa. The ancient Savo where Mago stored his booty in the second Punic war, Savona was the birthplace of the popes Sixtus IV. and Julius II. and the home of the ancestors of Columbus, who bestowed its name on one of the first islands he discovered in the West Indies.—London Standard.

His Preference.

Five-year-old Bobbie went visiting with his mother and, unexpectedly remaining overnight, was obliged to wear his cousin Kate's nightgown. The next morning he said tearfully, "Mamma, before I'll wear a girl's nightie again I'll sleep raw."—Harper's Weekly.

Youth and Old Age.

"Before a man is thirty he falls in love with every pretty girl he looks at."

"Yes, and after he is thirty he falls in love with every pretty girl who looks at him."—Stray Stories.

Rivals.

Knicker—You have a boy in college and a girl cultivating her voice? Bocker—Yes, and I don't know which has the better yell.—Brooklyn Life.

A Fish Story

Two Questions the Judge Was Called Upon to Decide.

By Martha McCulloch-Williams.

Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.

The willow tree leaned so far out over the water that all that happened in it was mirrored in the face of the stream. There was an eddy at the tree foot, with a deepish pool underneath. Trout lurked in the pool, so big and wary they were the despair of all neighborhood fishermen.

The Ennis boy, of course, had told Wilmer all about them. Wilmer, indeed, had found the lad much like a local chronicle. In the week since he had established himself at the Ennis farmhouse he had been possessed of at least half the ins and outs of Brush creek neighborhood.

Ostensibly Wilmer was a vagrant vacationer; really he was looking out for remnant tracts of hardwood timber. A new railway was mooted, not yet even in the air, but in the minds of certain men. Before building it they wanted to make certain of sure and quick returns. Walnut, white oak, cherry and ash in sufficient amount would furnish such returns.

Wilmer had been told to spend a fortnight looking for timber. Now, at the middle of the fortnight, he knew he need look no more, so he was giving his whole mind to the enjoyment of fishing; hence today's excursion begun at sunrise. So far the excursion had been fruitless. The Ennis boy was distressed. He had rather bragged of the sport they were to have. Besides, Wilmer had promised him a silver dollar if they managed to catch even one big trout.

Wilmer had his reasons aside from natural liberality. He was on the edge of falling in love with a girl, dragon guarded. The dragon was a crusty uncle whose sole enthusiasm was for fish and fishing. If Wilmer could send off in the night's mail a snapshot of even a two pounder, along with a chatty account of the place where such fish might be caught, he knew he would come near to establishing himself in the dragon's good graces. He would also do well for his immediate principals, since the dragon was among the chiefest of those expected to finance the new line.

So he came to the willow tree with [illegible] right over the depths. Then, watching the ripples spread and blur the water mirror's pictures to grotesque caricature, he became aware that the hole was preempted. There was a homemade line of black flax thread, with a cork likewise homemade, dangling from the tree, the cork bobbing and dipping in exactly the middle of the pool.

He dared not speak. The Ennis lad had warned him a word was death to his chances. The boy also had seen the intruding line. In swift pantomime, by throwing himself prone and lying at ease, he counseled Wilmer to stay. It was good counsel, Wilmer decided. He stood fast, keeping well away from the bank and so maneuvering his rod as to keep his bait properly in motion.

The eddy was big and slow, so slow it made one sleepy to watch it. The mounting May sun was warm and vital, the drone of bees in the basswood tops or over the sparse white clover blooms a lulling chant. There had been a ruffling breeze, but it had died to utter stillness. Wilmer watched his float and the homemade one until he grew drowsy. And then something happened that made him wildly awake.

The bungling cork went under with a rush. The next second there leaped to view, half his silver length above water, a monster trout, the most beautiful Wilmer had ever seen. He was fast, having bolted the hook, but that clumsy line would never hold him. Moreover, it appeared to be but lightly tied to a swaying willow branch. No doubt some rustic had left it there. There could be nobody in the tree.

However the water mirror had been shattered, it had had still moments during which Wilmer had studied it close, yet seen nothing but the gold green leafage, the netted intricacies of slender boughs, the rough and weather beaten blackness of the trunk.

What wonder that he scrambled up the slope of it, made to fling himself along it and reach for the line! That fish must be landed; it was a prize beyond hope. His fingers were almost upon the cord when he snatched them back as if from fire. Another hand had reached for the line—one small and sunburned, with strawberry stained fingers that yet were beautifully tapered. It was a girl's hand—a very pretty girl's. He saw that at a glance as he said rather breathlessly:

"Don't lose him! Give him line—as little as you can! Heavens, how he fights! You—you had better come down—or let me land him for you."

"You better look at your own hook!" the Ennis boy shouted.

Wilmer half fell from the tree. His own float was dipping, dancing, disappearing, coming up again, in the most maddening fashion. But no silver fish broke lancelike through the shimmering waters. Instead, tug as he might, there was a sense of something heavy, yet alive, at the other end of the line. His own battle absorbed him, yet not to the degree of making him forget the other. The girl from her perch was at an obvious disadvantage. Still she knew the game. Back and forth, up and down, weaving sidewise, she let the big fish play. Wilmer watched her almost enviously. He must himself have hooked the grandfather of all trout, but it was nothing like so game.

"Hi, thar, you, up tree! You better come down!" the Ennis boy shouted, but the fisherwoman remained invisible. "That's nobody but just that little Joe Lane. You know, I've told you she wasn't more'n half a gal," he confided in low aside to Wilmer, who nodded comprehension.

He had been hearing things about Joe, a wild piece, motherless, brought up by a mad old grandfather, to the scandal of all the overgood, for she had never been sent to school and had done exactly as she pleased all through her nineteen years of life. More than that, she had a way—a way that fetched all the fellows in the countryside, only to be sent about their business again, even Steve Batson, who had a store and three farms.

The big trout moved sluggishly. It was simply marvelous how that flax line had held him. Wilmer was wild to ask what bait had lured him even though his own quarry filled his hands. He was reeling in deftly, but slowly, making gains now of a foot, now of an inch. He had not yet got sight of his prize. Suddenly, in spite of reeling in, the line slackened. He saw at the water's surface the snaky head and neck of a big snapping turtle. An instant the creature held fast, permitting itself to be drawn toward the bank; then it severed the line and sank back to its fastness of roots and rocks.

There came a tinkling laugh from the willow tree, followed by a merry voice crying: "Please go away, you two. I want to come down before your big fish comes and eats up mine."

"Let us help you; you'll never land him alone," Wilmer called back.

"Oh, I can't—not until you go," the voice returned.

At just that moment the trout gave a wild, running leap, showing clear in the air, then sounding viciously.

The fisherwoman held fast, but in stopping his rush lost her balance and went splash into the pool. As she fell Wilmer understood—her feet were absolutely bare. He plunged in. The [illegible] was well over his head, but it was nothing to [illegible] to the bank. She still held the line. The [illegible]

[illegible]" the girl said, paddling toward the Ennis boy. She stood dripping, but happy, making no effort even to wring the water from her skirts. "I can't understand why you chose to pull me out instead of the fish," she went on. "I fear you are no true brother of the angle."

"Well, you see, it was your fish and I wanted it badly," Wilmer pleaded in excuse.

The girl shook her head. "That's a question," she said. "True, I hooked the trout, with, oh, such a big worm for bait, but I didn't land him. Granddad will have to decide the point of ownership. He used to be a judge, you know, and is, I'm sure, much wiser than Solomon."

"Take me to him at once," Wilmer commanded. The girl nodded and darted along a footpath, beckoning the others to follow. Soon they came upon a red brick house with wide, hospitable piazzas and open doors.

Judge Lane sat at ease there, smoking and dipping into a big shabby volume of Izaak Walton. He did not seem shocked at Joe's plight.

"You, miss, have no sort of claim to the fish. You lost it disgracefully through Eve's sin of curiosity," he said. "As for those others, I think they can settle it between them. But, hark you, Jacky Ennis; you've made a great catch—one that ought to be worth at least $2."

Wilmer paid more, but the trout was not sent away. Instead it was cooked for dinner in the Lane kitchen. And some six months later Wilmer came asking the judge for Josephine. The old man listened in silence and at the end said with twinkling eyes:

"Humph! It seems that fish case is mighty hard to settle. What if you did pull Joe out of the water—d'ye happen to know she can swim like a mermaid?"

"What has that to do with it?" Wilmer demanded. "You admit I did pull her out. It was on that ground you gave Jacky the fish. Surely you don't mean to reverse yourself?"

"No, for if I did I might be reversed," the judge said, laughing softly. "Besides, I'm a stickler for precedent, and Josephine always has had her own way."

Possibility.

Angelina Manayunk—Don't you think it was dreadful of the photographer to flatter me like that?

Her Dear Friend—Oh, I don't know. You might want to use the picture to send in reply to a matrimonial advertisement.—Boston Traveler.

Her Tactful Invitation.

Prudent Swain—If I were to steal a kiss, would it scare you so that you would scream? Timid Maid—I couldn't; fright always makes me dumb.—Toledo Blade.

A Viceroy's Plain Living.

In Miss Juliet Bredon's book about her uncle, Sir Robert Hart, the "grand old man of China," for many years in charge of the imperial customs service, is the following story:

"One of the most influential of Sir Robert's Chinese friends was the great Li Hung Chang. The diplomat liked Li's household because of the simplicity he found there—the wearisome courses at dinner, but fish and perhaps a dish of chicken with rice. Incautiously, as it turned out, he praised this frugality to his own Chinese servant, for the remark reached Li's ears in a distorted form. Next time Sir Robert went there he had to face a grand ceremonial banquet.

"'You shall not have the chance to go away again and say that you have been fed like a cooly in my house,' said the viceroy proudly at the end of the banquet.

"'Nevertheless the very simplicity of your hospitality was what I most appreciated,' Sir Robert replied. 'But if you believe that I could have made any such remark and if you persist in altering the style of my reception I shall not come to lunch with you again.'"

The Room Was Full.

Rev. Daniel Isaacs once alighted at an inn to stay the night. On asking for a bed he was told he could not have one, as there was to be a ball that evening and all the beds were engaged.

"At what time does the ball break up?" asked Mr. Isaacs.

"About 3 in the morning, sir."

"Well, then, can I have a bed until that time?"

"Yes, certainly, but if the bed is asked for you will have to remove."

"Very well," replied Mr. Isaacs, and away he went to get between the sheets.

About 3 in the morning he was awakened by loud knocking at his chamber door.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"How many are there of you in there?" inquired a voice.

"There's [illegible] and Daniel and Mr. Isaacs and an old Methodist preacher," was the reply.

"Then there's plenty of you." And the speaker passed on, leaving Mr. Isaacs to enjoy his bed.

Belated Logic.

"Put yourself in my place, young man. Would you want your only daughter to marry a penniless youth?"

"Put yourself in my place, sir. Would you want to remain a penniless youth when there are rich men's daughters to marry?"

"You confess, then, that you marry my child simply for her father's wealth?"

[illegible]

"Why, certainly. Your daughter [illegible]"

[illegible]

Insanity In London.

Costermongers and engineers, one notes, rival each other in heading the list of maniacs provided by the commissioners in lunacy. If you don't want to be mad, be a clergyman. You will have about a one to a thousand chance of not dying in a lunatic asylum. It is a bit risky to be a literary or scientific person, but if you put your science into practice and become an engineer your prospect of lunacy jumps to the top, with only costermongers as your real rivals. Why this is is a mystery. It can't be intellect or hurry. Costermongers do not hurry, and they are not noticeably intellectual.—London Chronicle.

The Englishman.

Just as there is no being more disliked in his own country than the Oxford man who displays what is (most unfairly) described as the Oxford manner, so there is nobody who does more harm to our good name abroad than the Englishman who carries his insular conceit all over the continent—his evident belief that the people, the country and the institutions under his condescending review are obviously and painfully inferior to those he has left behind him. That is the sort of optimism which has to be kicked out of a man before he becomes a tolerable citizen of the world.—London Outlook.

Wounded Dignity.

Undersized young husband calls at the registrar's to give in the name of his firstborn.

Registrar—What is it you want?

Husband—To report the birth of a son.

Registrar—Go back, my little man, and tell your father he'll have to come himself!—Liverpool Mercury.

An Ingenious Interview.

An officer once asked Frederick the Great for an interview, which was granted on condition that he only said two words. He presented a petition. "Sire," he said, "sign!" Frederick, highly amused, surrendered.

Keep Out of Debt.

My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven, but don't borrow. Don't buy things you can't pay for!—John Ruskin.

Faint hearted men are the fruit of luxurious countries.—Herodotus.

THE TEACHERS' INSTITUTE A BIG SUCCESS.

(Continued From Page 1.)

make rich material for them for use in their history or general exercise classes.

The enrollment by districts was announced by Supt. Bayle at the end of the recess period. The enrollment follows:

Annin Township	100 per ct.
Bradford Township	80 per ct.
Ceres Township	91 per ct.
Corydon Township	100 per ct.
Eldred Borough	100 per ct.
Eldred Township	100 per ct.
Foster Township	100 per ct.
Hamilton Township	78 per ct.
Hamlin Township	94 per ct.
Kane Borough	38 per ct.
Keating Township	100 per ct.
Lafayette Township	93 per ct.
Liberty Township	100 per ct.
Mt. Jewett Borough	100 per ct.
Norwich Township	100 per ct.
Otto Township	100 per ct.
Port Allegany Borough	80 per ct.
Sergeant Township	100 per ct.
Smethport Borough	100 per ct.
Wetmore Township	92 per ct.

The total enrollment to date is 225. The interest is at high tide, and every minute is filled with helpful instruction.

This afternoon a full half-hour was devoted to music. Prof. Yetter has the happy faculty of getting all to work. The teachers of McKean county are far above the average in musical ability and their singing this week is truly full of inspiration. The "Rote Song" given this afternoon will bring many happy hours into the primary schools and country schools of the county.

After recess, Dr. Courson continued his discussion of the "Natural Characteristics of a True Teacher."

Any teacher who has the requisite faith in childhood, love for childhood and love for his work ever allows himself to develop into a chronic scold. We want plenty of temper in a teacher but it must be controlled. The greatest power to discipline is courtesy. Courtesy is simply irresistable.

The fourth characteristic is faith in himself. The self-confidence that is neither ever egotism, or dishonest humility which seeks for compliments, is the power which places the teacher in control of the situation. Often success is the severest test.

The hope of this country lies in the discipline of the public schools. The teacher should not be afraid to show gratitude for the help of pupils in discipline. Whenever a man fails to be thankful to God, to be grateful to friends for assistance in the hour of success, that moment he begins to degenerate.

Tuesday Evening.

After the Institute session Tuesday, the McKean County Clarion Association held a re-union at St. Luke's Episcopal Parish House.

More than forty former Clarion students and graduates were present, also a few visitors: Drs. J. George Becht and John Ballentine, Principal and Vice-Principal of the Clarion State Normal School were present and spent a most pleasant hour with the members of the association and their friends.

After the business meeting at which Prof. C. W. Lillibridge, president, and Miss Katherine Baxter, secretary, were unanimously re-elected as officers of the association, the members repaired to the dining room where they were banqueted by the ladies of the Guild.

The hour following was such an one as only can be enjoyed by the alumni of a school where loyalty and progress are the watchwords. The presence at this meeting of both the Principal and Vice-Principal of the Clarion State Normal School is sufficient to show the esteem in which the students from McKean County are held by the school's authorities.

A large and appreciative audience greeted the Dunbar Company at 8:15. This company is first class in every respect, in fact in a class of its own. They gave an excellent concert.

Wednesday Morning.

Institute opened by singing, "All Thy Works Shall Praise Thee," led by Prof. Yetter, who conducted devotional exercises.

"Hamilton, the Representative of Power," was the subject of a strong address by Dr. Fess. As Jefferson was the representative of the advocacy of individual liberty, Hamilton was the representative of authority in central government. Alexander Hamilton was the only man who understood the politics of Europe completely. When Hamilton was not yet twenty, Washington said to him, I leaned on him more than any other single individual. The speaker gave many incidents illustrating Hamilton's precocity. His entrance to college, his quarrel with the college president, his speech on "The Fields at the Age of 17," his conference with Washington, his experience on the battlefield were presented as the school of preparation for Hamilton's political career.

His experience in the Revolution tirely as advocated by him.

"Power, Obedience not Liberty is What We Need." Hamilton's analysis of the weakness of the Articles of Confedration was the strongest ever presented. The speaker traced the influence of Hamilton from the Annapolis Convention throughout the whole period of the framing and adoption of the Constitution, and the establishment of the Federal government—Hamilton's greatest achievement was his successful establishment of the financial system of the United States which is today conducted almost entirely as advocated by him.

It was the speaker's aim not to commend the ideas advocated by Hamilton nor to criticise them, but simply to present Hamilton as the representative of power in opposition to personal liberty.

At 11:00 o'clock Dr. Fess addressed the High School teachers on "A Phrase of the Financial Crisis."

The Grammar and Intermediate grade teachers were addressed by Dr. Courson on that most important subject of all, "Teaching Pupils to Help Themselves." Dr. Courson said, "One of the advantages of the country school over the city school is that the child is thrown more upon his own responsibility. The keynote of the talk was teach self-help, develop power to think, power to do, self dependence. The best teacher is the one who becomes unnecessary to the pupil as soon as possible. In striving to bring pupils to this much desired condition, patience, help, sympathy are necessary.

Another idea advanced by the instructor is that the High School should not allow the college to dictate the work of the school. The High School should rather serve the needs of the community in which it is located.

Mrs. Olcott conducted a Model Class, consisting of nine little ones from the Smethport primary room. This was a valuable exercise in phonics. One of the great needs of the teacher is concrete examples of good teaching. It can be furnished by visiting good schools but this seems to those who most need it to be next to an impossibility. It is suggested that in the local Institute this term model work is made a feature.

Wednesday Afternoon.

Prof. Lester of New York City, occupied the first period instructing in penmanship.

A good writer is one who is able to write legibly, easily and rapidly. Mr. Lester discussed poor writing and bad methods. Attention has not been given to the development of the muscles of the arm. The particular slant has little to do with the ease and rapidity of the writing. Uniformity of writing in the individual is desired. The difference between the teaching of writing in the business schools and that in the grades lies chiefly in the matter of movement. Prof. Lester deplored that there seem to be two systems of teaching writing, namely, that of the business schools and that of the public schools. He believes that writing may be so taught in the public schools that writing shall cease to be the principal business of the business school.

After recess the Institute was favored by a vocal solo by Prof. Yetter, which was heartily encored.

About fifty of the teachers of Bradford City are present this afternoon. This with the large number of the directors present and the High School pupils who come to hear the High School literaly contest tonight makes a great addition to the attendance and enthusiasm of the Institute.

Directors' Convention.

This afternoon the McKean County School Directors Association convened at 1:30. About fifty directors answered to roll call, and listened to an excellent address by the President, F. D. Gallup. A much larger attendance of directors is expected tomorrow. This afternoon the directors were addressed by Dr. Courson on the subject, "Some Important Duties of Directors."

Dr. Courson discoursed on the subject, "How the Home Can Help the School."

The home should train the child to obey. Much of the time and effort of the teachers of this country are spent in teaching children obedience. The home should sustain the teacher in matters of discipline. The wonder is that so little friction occurs in the matter of discipline in the schools. The sad part is that the public school is the only place that some children ever learn the meaning of discipline.

The home should stand by the school in the matter of home work, and home preparation of lessons. You ought to thank God that you have a teacher able to encourage, if need be demand, the preparation of lessons. The great need of the schools is that the homes of this country, that the directors of the Commonwealth, stand like a stone wall against the attempt to make things easy in the schools.

There is no need to make things easy, what is needed is more work.

The directors and parents are asked to pay no attention to the gossip of the community. Don't condemn the school without hearing the truth. There are three institutions that are doing the work of this world, the church, the home and the school; and they are doing it well only in proportion to the manner in which they co-operate with and help each other. All are working together to make honest, God-fearing, industrious, law-abiding citizens of this Republic.

Wednesday Evening.

On Wednesday evening the entertainment in which the interest of the entire county seemed to centre took place. It was the final High School contest of the series of 1908-09, Kane High School cup defenders; Mt. Jewett High School, challengers.

The following is the program rendered:

Program.

Overture ……Chadwick's Orchestra
Essay, "The Swedish Americans"
……Alfhild O. Alfson, Kane
Essay, "The Pole and Its Explorers" Thyra E. Swanson, Mt. Jewett
Vocal Solo, "Cavalier's Song,"
Brackett ……Prof. O. H. Yetter
Oration, "The Effect of Christianity on Civilization" ……
……Earl Crouse, Mt. Jewett
Oration, "Man the Master" ……
……Jay Raymond Daly, Kane
Reading, "Ole Mistis" ……
……Minnie E. Fraine, Kane
Sight Reading ……
……Helen Rogers, Mt. Jewett
Song, "In Silent Mead," L. O. Emerson ……
……Smethport H. S. Male Quartet

Debate.

Resolved, That High Schools by accepting college requirements and adapting their courses and standards thereto are not performing their best service t the community.

Affirmative	Negative
Lloyd Anderson,	Harold Gahagan
E. Lloyd Evans	Walter C. Linden
Kane.	Mt. Jewett.

Reading, "A Few Bars in the Key of G" ……
Clifton Carlyle Osborne, Miss Irma Wells.

Decision of judges and presentation of cup: County Superintendent.

Judges—Mrs. E. E. Olcott, Danville, Ind.; Dr. O. T. Courson, Columbus, O.; Dr. S. D. Fess, Yellow Springs, O.

They awarded the decision unanimously to the Kane High School. While the public generally commends the award it must not be concluded that the honor was lightly won. Every number on the program possessed merit. Mt. Jewett made a most creditable contest. It seems to be the general sentiment of the audience that the question of debate was not only unsuitable but eminently unfair to the challengers.

The program was greatly enriched by the introduction of solos and readings by Miss Irma Wells of Smethport and solos by Prof. Yetter.

Meeting of Lock Haven Club.

Among the interesting events at the McKean County Teachers' Institute is the annual meeting of the Lock Haven Club. This year a very pleasant reunion was held with a banquet at the Wright House last evening. Several representatives from each of the following classes were present: —'97, '00, '01, '03, '04, '05, '06, '07, '08. Never before were so many classes represented in the county. We may now look forward to a successful reunion every year. May the pleasant memories of our Alma Mater be ever prominent in our lives.

SEALED PROPOSALS.

Commonwealth of Pennsylvania,
State Highway Department,
Harrisburg, Pa.

Sealed proposals will be received by the State Highway Department of Pennsylvania, under the Act of Assembly approved May 1st, 1905, for the construction of 7,000 feet of road, extending from the end of the present improved road (Station 125x00 to Station 195x00,) in Foster Township, in the county of McKean. Plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the county commissioners, Smethport, and at the office of the State Highway Department, Harrisburg, Pa. Bidding blanks will be furnished by the State Highway Department upon request. Bids must be endorsed "Proposals for RECONSTRUCTION OF ROAD IN FOSTER TOWNSHIP, McKEAN COUNTY," and received at the office of the State Highway Department not later than Nov. 22, 1909, and will be publicly opened at 10 a. m. the following day.

JOSEPH W. HUNTER,
State Highway Commissioner

Horses For Sale.

One pair horses weighing 2200 pounds. One pair horses weighing 2000 pounds. One pair horses weighing 1950 pounds. will sell separate. Also 10 set second hand single and double light driving harness at Palmer's livery.

A. T. PALMER.
Smethport, Pa., Nov. 10, '09.

Lost.

A black and tan, with white breast, English foxhound, large ears, about 18 inches high, heavy body. If found return or write to Charles Axelson, Smethport, Pa., and receive reward.

Send in your order for the white, yellow, pink or lavender Chrysanthemums and other cut flowers, design work or potted plants to the Port Allegany Greenhouses, Port Allegany, Pa.

What to Have For Tomorrow's Breakfast

No family in all America will eat a better breakfast than yours tomorrow, if you have **Beardsley's Shredded Codfish.**

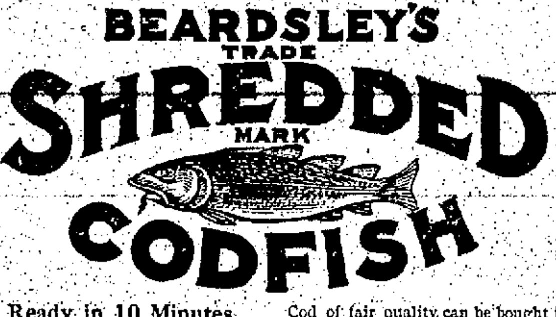
Even a millionaire's table could boast nothing more delicious.

Yet more than enough for five hungry people will cost you only 10 cents.

So just for the sake of variety, let your folks try this fine-flavored food.

Let them feast on it tomorrow—"fish day."

We promise they'll everyone like it.



Ready in 10 Minutes

Beardsley's Shredded Codfish means a breakfast prepared without bother.

No bones to pick out—no washing—no soaking—no boiling.

You can have it ready to serve—cooked to the Queen's taste—in less than ten minutes.

And please don't think there's any "fish-odor" in cooking—instead, there's a tempting, savory smell—a smell that will make you hungry.

You'll See a Big Difference

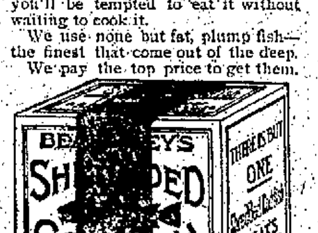
Beardsley's Shredded Codfish doesn't taste at all like other codfish foods.

You'll see a vast difference the minute you open the package.

The meat in a package of this is so fine and fluffy and dainty—so sweet-smelling—so delicious looking—that you'll be tempted to eat it without waiting to cook it.

We use none but fat, plump fish—the finest that come out of the deep.

We pay the top price to get them.



THE PACKAGE WITH THE RED BAND
Lined with wax-paper. No preservative whatever, save the purest and finest sea-salt. Also packed in tin and glass.

Cod of fair quality can be bought for half what we pay for ours.

And we take only the choicest part of each fish—the sweetest, most delicately flavored meat.

Instead of Eggs or Meat

Your folks will find this Shredded Codfish a welcome change from eggs or meat.

It is more nourishing and strengthening than either.

It contains 22 per cent protein. Sirloin steak only 17 per cent. Eggs only 12½ per cent.

And see what you save by serving it. A package of this—plenty for five—costs only 10 cents.

Eggs or meat for five costs three or four times as much.

After one breakfast or lunch of this delicious food, your people will want it at least once a week.

In New York, where most people know how good our Shredded Codfish is, it is served about that often in nearly every home.

There are so many tempting ways to prepare it, that no one ever tires of it.

Get a Package Today

Order a package of this Shredded Codfish today—please make sure you get Beardsley's—the package with the red band. There is other Codfish in packages. But Beardsley's is the only Shredded Codfish. No other kind will taste half so delicious.

Free Book of Recipes

Ask your grocer for our free book of recipes—directions for dozens of tempting new dishes. Or write us—we'll send you the recipe book—also a generous sample of our Shredded Codfish.

J. W. Beardsley's Sons
474-478 Greenwich St., New York

Some of Our Other Pure Food Products:
Acme Sliced Bacon; Acme Sliced Dried Beef; Star Brand Boneless Herring.

BUYING WISDOM.

The Secret of Buying What is Best for You to Have.

Secret? that so few have. It's a combination of talents especially profitable to the person of limited capital.

Knowing how to select qualities—judging values—spending just enough—getting what you need—saving here—doing without them—It's a long story.

AT THIS SEASON
when so many chances are taken—gifts to be made—at random almost—we put up against the inexperience of the buyer the proposition: If you buy what you don't want bring it back and get the money.

NOW THIS STORE
is full of Men's Wearables for Holiday Trade. The right goods for everybody.

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BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE
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BRADFORD, PA.

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Are You Going to Put in THAT BATH ROOM?

Better
DO IT NOW.

Let me give you an estimation of one. You will be pleased at the low price. I can save you good money.

Estimates on Fixtures Cheerfully Furnished.

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WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop.
F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

KANE CENTRAL HOTEL,
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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

C. M. COLEGROVE
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SMETHPORT PENNA
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For Dyspepsia and Indigestion

If you Suffer from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Gas on the Stomach, Belching, Sour Stomach, Heart-burn, etc., a little Kodol will Relieve you almost Instantly

Kodol supplies the same digestive juices that are found in a healthy stomach. Being a liquid, it starts digestion at once.

Kodol not only digests your food, but helps you enjoy every mouthful you eat.

You need a sufficient amount of good, wholesome food to maintain strength and health.

But, this food must be digested thoroughly, otherwise the pains of indigestion and dyspepsia are the result.

When your stomach cannot do its work properly, take something to help your stomach. Kodol is the only thing that will give the stomach complete rest.

Why? Because Kodol does the same work as a strong stomach, and does it in a natural way.

So, don't neglect your stomach. Don't become a chronic dyspeptic. Keep your stomach healthy and strong by taking a little Kodol. You don't have to take Kodol all the time. You only take it when you need it.

Kodol is perfectly harmless.

Our Guarantee

Go to your druggist today and get a dollar bottle. Then after you have used the entire contents of the bottle if you can honestly say, that it has not done you any good, return the bottle to the druggist and he will refund your money without question or delay. We will then pay the druggist. Don't hesitate, all druggists know that our guarantee is good. This offer applies to the large bottle only and to but one in a family. The large bottle contains 2½ times as much as the fifty cent bottle.

Kodol is prepared at the laboratories of E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago.

Sold by H. C. Wells, Smethport, and F. H. Reed, Clermont.